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REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

ON more than one occasion during the present Session, Mr. DISRAELI has contrived, by an ill-timed attack, to give the Government an unexpected victory; but he would have been more than ordinarily maladroit if he had failed in the easy task of exposing the general ill-success of Ministerial legislation. Lord PALMERSTON may console himself for his numerous discomfitures by the reflection, that the majority which occasionally rallies round him would have defeated the measures of any other party leader still more summarily. A personal attack offers the most favourable opportunity on which the PREMIER can join issue with his opponents. It is not easy to rest an official apology for doing nothing on the merits of the case; but, fortunately, Mr. DISRAELI cares nothing about any of the Bills which have been lost, or dropped, or withheld. The only question which interests the leader of the Opposition is, whether the Government has forfeited the confidence, or rather the votes, of the House of Commons. The general dissatisfaction which is felt with a Ministry that still rests on popular support, required another mouthpiece.

The Session has certainly not been glorious to the Government or satisfactory to the country. It is difficult to say whether the Ministry is strong or weak. Against votes of censure and direct motions of hostility, Lord PALMERSTON can command an overwhelming majority; but he can scarcely carry a Bill through Committee in either House of Parliament. It is said, with some truth, that the bonds of party discipline have become inconveniently relaxed, so that official influence no longer furnishes sufficient power to work the machinery of legislation; and it may be admitted that the present condition of the House of Commons requires the exercise, on the part of a Minister, of extraordinary tact, foresight, and energy. But it is the proper business of a Government to find the means of governing. The present PREMIER has been unremitting in his personal attendance in the House of Commons, and he has at least the negative preference of the country in his favour; and if three-fourths of the Ministerial measures have been rejected, the fault lies principally in the carelessness with which they have been devised, and in the consequent listless indifference with which they have been prosecuted. The repeated defeats which have gradually discredited the Government have nevertheless been found compatible with its continuance; yet, although it must be acknowledged that none of the proposals which have failed were worth a change of Ministry, it may be laid down as a general rule that small measures ought only to be introduced with a certainty of success, whilst bad ones may safely be entrusted to the activity of private members.

The intended commercial changes which were announced in the Speech from the Throne were for the most part just and reasonable; but they involved many disputed questions, and they have never been earnestly advocated by the Government. Mr. LOWE was left to fight the Ministerial battle almost single-handed, and his colleagues were perhaps gratified by the indiscretion which sacrificed the Bill for relieving shipping from oppressive charges. At a later period of the Session, it was evident that the project for facilitating commercial loans was practically an open question; and the House of Commons cannot be expected to regard with especial deference a Vice-President of the Board of Trade who is but nominally supported by the Cabinet. All the commercial Bills would have been carried through with ease by Sir ROBERT PEEL when he was Premier, or by Mr. GLADSTONE when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS may find, in the Parliamentary history of 1856, new materials for his lively Essay on the *Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*.

With few exceptions, the remaining Ministerial measures

deserved the fate which they experienced. The Life Peerage experiment found ingenious supporters in argument, but a sound practical instinct would have instantly suggested that, right or wrong, it was impossible that it should succeed. The majority of the House of Lords, after defeating the attempt of the Government, fell with ludicrous precipitancy into a similar error; and the Ministers made the mistake of adopting Lord DERBY's blunder, after failing in their own. The warning that they were tempting inevitable discomfiture was once more uttered in vain. The vote of the House of Commons on the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill proved, not that the Government was weak in numerical support, but that its policy was confused and careless. Had the measure passed, the Opposition would have claimed the credit of a victory, without having incurred a corresponding liability to the consequences of defeat.

One important Bill which was thrown over in a morning sitting has scarcely received the notice which it deserves. The Public Health Board has, as the law at present stands, one year to live, and very little that is important to do; and the clever officials connected with the department not unnaturally desired to contrive for themselves sufficient work to render their continued existence indispensable. Of late years, provincial communities have shown a constantly decreasing desire to avail themselves of the provisions of the Health Acts, and even where new districts are constituted, the functions of the Central Board are almost entirely ceremonial. There is no reason why an Under-Secretary or head clerk at the Home Office or Board of Trade should not despatch an engineer, whenever occasion may require, to visit any town for the purpose of reporting on its sanitary condition. The official surveyor always reports that there is ground for applying the powers of the Act—the Secretary, by direction of the President, always adopts the reports, and issues the necessary provisional order—and at the end of the Session an Act is always passed through both Houses, confirming the proceedings of the Board. From the beginning to the end of the transaction, no official person is called upon to exercise any discretion whatever. The practice of issuing the apocryphal Blue-books which Mr. CHADWICK formerly compiled has been happily exploded; and consequently, the Board of Health is in the singular position of a permanent institution deriving its origin from a temporary agitation which has already subsided.

When Sir BENJAMIN HALL was at the Health Office, he brought forward a Bill for the purpose of investing the department with the widest and most heterogeneous functions. It was proposed that the Local Boards should, with the consent of their superiors in London, assume powers which, except by the operation of special laws, have never been entrusted to any corporation. Private property was to be taken compulsorily, not only for sanitary purposes, but for markets and other works of supposed public utility. Although, however, the obvious intention of the measure was to aggrandize the Central Board, all the duties would, as now, have been discharged by the local functionaries. The extravagance of the proposal caused its withdrawal before the second reading, and soon afterwards the ambitious President was promoted to the duty of organizing abortive Sunday bands and spoiling St. James's Park. Mr. COWPER was so imprudent as to adopt a part of the measure framed by his predecessor; and the Public Health Bill of the present year actually contained a clause by which the Orders of the Board were, in certain cases, to have the force of Acts of Parliament, and the effect of repealing all local statutes. The gas and water companies took alarm at the intended inroad on their property; and, when they had succeeded in obtaining the withdrawal of the more obnoxious provisions, the portion of the Bill which remained was comparatively harmless, and altogether unnecessary. The de-

feat experienced by the Government ought to satisfy Lord PALMERSTON that it is highly inexpedient to multiply secondary independent departments. No office will be trusted by Parliament with the exercise of a large discretion, unless it is represented by one of the principal Ministers. It is far more advisable to multiply the subdivisions of the Home Office or the Board of Trade than to create separate Parliamentary functionaries; and Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State show their practical judgment in the invariable discouragement by which they repress the ambition of subordinate colleagues. The solitary success of the Government in passing the Vice-President of Council Bill will probably furnish a fresh illustration of the same constitutional tendency. The new functionary will be merely the organ of his chief in the Upper House; and the office-work might be done as well, or better, by the Permanent Secretary of the department. If the Committee of Council is to exercise a large discretion, its policy must be regulated by the President, while the mere routine duties certainly require no Parliamentary Minister. Of the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill and the Divorce Bill, it is enough to remark that they were introduced too late, and pushed forward with little earnestness. In almost every other instance, Parliament has been justified in rejecting the measures of the Government.

It is scarcely possible that legislation can be thus suspended during another Session. It is creditable to the House of Commons to have maintained in power, after the conclusion of the war, the Ministry which had enjoyed the good fortune of negotiating a peace, and it is well that all Europe should understand that neither Parliament nor the nation is capricious and unjust; but the debt which was due has been abundantly paid, and further tenure of office must be purchased by active services. It is not so great an evil that new laws should be suspended as that the Legislature should be reduced to barrenness and idleness. The Ministers for the time being are the chosen leaders of Parliament, as well as the chiefs of the executive Government; and it is their business to select from the mass of desirable measures those which are at once urgent and practicable. A defeat is generally a proof that they have misunderstood or neglected their duties.

The more interesting political events of the last six months have had little connexion with Parliamentary proceedings. It now seems difficult to realize the fact that the QUEEN'S Speech was delivered in a time of war, before the Plenipotentiaries met at Paris. The interval which has left domestic legislation a blank has largely modified the fortunes of Europe. Italy has taken the place of Turkey in general interest, and a magnificent embassy is on its way to compliment the Emperor of RUSSIA on his coronation. One of our disputes with America has ended in a mortifying exercise of compulsory patience on the part of England, whilst the remaining difficulties will, it may be hoped, be disposed of before the end of the year. Although, however, a time of peace and prosperity may probably be approaching, it will not become a free people to await, in apathetic repose, the possible benefits of fortune. A country may flourish under many unavoidable abuses, but it is in a critical state when its leaders are too indolent, or too incapable, to effect reforms which are generally allowed to be desirable.

SPANISH AFFAIRS.

IN the year 1848, when Europe was heaving with revolution from the Carpathians to the Pyrenees, Spain appeared quiet, orderly, and almost apathetic. In 1854 and 1855, when military despotism had liberty everywhere else under its heel, Spain had a free Press and a free Parliament. It is to be feared that this singular anomaly is on the point of disappearing, and that the Peninsula is to be no longer an exception to the sad uniformity of tyranny which over-spreads the Continent. In the events which have just occurred at Madrid, we have one more warning that the sword is to the body politic what certain drugs are to the body natural—a remedial agency which, once applied, becomes a fatal necessity. It is clear that, ever since the successful *Pronunciamento* of NARVAEZ against ESPARTERO in 1843, all the political calculations of Spaniards have been disturbed by an uneasy consciousness that the ultimate control of public affairs rested with the military power. The Cabinets of BRAVO MURILLO, of RONCALI, of LERSUNDI, of the Conde de SAN LUIS, which succeeded one another with such rapidity after the dismissal of General NARVAEZ into exile, merited some of our respect—contemptible and corrupt as they were for the most part—inasmuch as they indicated a series

of desperate attempts, on the part of the Royal authority, to maintain itself against the influence of the army. So conscious were these Ministries of the mission confided to them, and of their true danger, that, on the eve of the outbreak in 1854, the Government of the Conde de SAN LUIS had exiled or imprisoned no less than nine leading generals, to say nothing of NARVAEZ, who was in honourable banishment, or of ESPARTERO, who had long since been forced to retire into private life. One of these generals, O'DONNELL, who had been hunted by the police for more than nine months, contrived at length to induce his friend General DULCE to join him in revolt with part of the garrison of Madrid; and an insurrection which seemed likely at first to be signally abortive, was converted into a triumph over the Court by an appeal to the long proscribed and down-trodden Liberals. Then began an alliance of a new description—the union of the army, represented by O'DONNELL, with the national and popular party, headed by its favourite statesman, ESPARTERO. But it was from the first a compromise of discordant interests. O'DONNELL, placed significantly in the post of Minister of War, had not half-a-dozen personal adherents in the Cortes. The party most favourable to him, that of the "Liberal Union"—the most Conservative portion of the National Assembly—was unwilling, from timidity more than any other motive, that he should separate from ESPARTERO; but every one was conscious that he was merely the organ of the military power in the civil Government. The safety of the Cortes and Constitution was universally considered to lie in the disorganization and demoralization into which the army had fallen since the affairs of 1854. O'DONNELL, however, has sedulously devoted himself to the improvement of military administration. The absurd quarrel with Mexico gave him a pretext for concentrating his forces, and the late petty revolts enabled him to essay their fidelity. Convinced that he could depend on them, he concerted his opportunity with the Court, to which he had now become secretly reconciled. ESPARTERO was dismissed, or provoked to resign, at the moment when the Cortes had adjourned; and O'DONNELL, surrounded by a Cabinet of his creatures, with the populace of Madrid defeated, and the National Guard dissolved, is for the moment master of the central Government. But for the insulated resistance of the National Guards collected at Logrono, he would be master of Spain.

The Constituent Cortes, whose temporary separation was the signal for this *coup d'état*, was one of the most respectable political bodies which have ever assembled in Spain. It was placed in a situation of immense difficulty. The QUEEN hated it, because it had interrupted her pleasures, and sent her mother out of the country. The Democratic party disliked it, and suspected it, because it was not chosen by universal suffrage; and indeed the property-qualification required by the electoral law of 1837, which governed the elections to the recent Assembly, could not be considered low, even according to an English standard. Between these opposing interests the Cortes held the balance with extreme judgment. It refused—without good reason, we fear—to admit the incompatibility of political liberty with Queen ISABELLA'S throne and rule; and it declined to attempt to carry out, in uncongenial Spain, the principles and the programme of the French Republicans. On the other hand, it took measures to enforce the responsibility of the QUEEN'S Ministers, and it was laying the basis of a Constitution which would, for the first time, have protected the rights of the Spanish nation against the effects of those traditions of unlimited Royal authority which no revolution has been able to efface. This Assembly, moreover, had conducted its debates with great gravity and moderation; and it had for the first time seriously discussed, and would probably have adopted in the end, the only measure which can restore equilibrium to Spanish finance—the sale of all the real property hitherto held in mortmain by the State, and by various public bodies under its control. Its great error was one which it might almost be supposed to have copied literally from a still greater, more famous, and more unfortunate Assembly. It knew its danger from O'DONNELL, and it showed that it knew it. The Spanish political history of the last two years may almost be described as made up of demonstrations on the part of the Cortes against O'DONNELL individually, followed by votes of confidence in the Cabinet collectively. O'DONNELL had so much reason to suspect the Court, that, if the Cortes had placed him on the same footing with ESPARTERO, he would probably have

thrown in his lot permanently with the national party. On the other hand, it would have been easy for the Cortes, even as lately as six months since, to get rid of the MINISTER of WAR altogether. But it took neither one course nor the other—it neither trusted O'DONNELL nor disarmed him. It irritated and alarmed him by its attitude, but it did not destroy his hopes, or impair the real sources of his power. Since, therefore, the Legislature would not make terms with him, he turned to the Court, with which he had still the means of making terms. He found the QUEEN and KING eager to meet his overtures; and a reconciliation between the Crown and the man who had covered it with contumely was followed, at the first opportunity, by the dismissal of the only Minister in whom the Cortes had faith. We do not believe that the Constituent body will be allowed to assemble again after the expiration of the period for which it adjourned. If it does meet, it will be in the middle of a circle of O'DONNELL's bayonets.

Queen ISABELLA had the deepest reasons for detesting O'DONNELL. He had subjected her to the bitterest humiliation, and he had forced her to separate from her mother, the only human being for whom she is supposed to have a spark of affection. But, while the offences of O'DONNELL had ceased to be fresh in her memory, the control of the Cortes was a continuing, ever-present annoyance. It had been impressed upon her that, as a constitutional Queen, she ought to lead a life of comparative publicity. This condition naturally forced her to adopt habits of reasonable respectability; but what made it absolutely intolerable was her shyness—a habit which, produced originally in this Princess by the consciousness of a defective education, appears now to amount to actual disease. She knew that, as the puppet of a military dictator, she would be no longer required to appear habitually in public; and doubtless O'DONNELL's chief recommendation in her eyes has arisen from the belief that, if he triumphed, she would be allowed to hide herself, and her sensual pleasures, in the groves of Aranjuez. Added to this, the KING, her nominal husband, is the slave of a grovelling superstition; and, on the one subject of religion, he is supposed to have some influence with his wife. Now, of all the Ministry, O'DONNELL was the only member who was believed to sympathize entirely with the views of the Court in reference to the recent differences with the POPE. By embarking, therefore, in the same boat with O'DONNELL, the QUEEN secures the beloved privilege of retirement, and has her ghostly fears allayed. But we do not believe she will obtain more from her all-powerful Minister. Queen CHRISTINA and General NARVAEZ have given signs of a wish to return to Spain. Both of them would be welcome to Queen ISABELLA; but O'DONNELL must be aware that NARVAEZ is a soldier even bolder, prompter, and more unscrupulous than himself, and that, of all perils, the ascendancy of the QUEEN-MOTHER is the greatest to an ambitious Spanish statesman. Unless they bring him facilities for combating some dangers of which we have not any information at present, we shall be greatly surprised if he allows either the one or the other to re-enter Spain.

THE CHELSEA REPORT.

IF we may trust the General Officers who have at length produced their Report on the conduct of the chiefs of the Crimean army, we, in common with the whole country, have been labouring under the strangest hallucination. We had heard that about one-third of the force despatched to the East in the autumn of 1854 had been suffered to perish from cold, starvation, and fatigue. In our unmilitary ignorance, we fancied that this frightful destruction of life was wrong, and that it could only have arisen from grievous neglect or incapacity in some quarter or other. We were absurd enough to suppose that troops who were meant to fight ought to be fed, clothed, and sheltered, and that a cavalry force would be a very useless appendage to an army if the horses were allowed to starve for want of corn, or to perish from exposure to the weather. Until the manly and truthful report of Sir JOHN MCNEILL and Col. TULLOCH appeared, we could only guess on whom the responsibility rested; but with the aid of the ample evidence which the Commissioners had collected, we found ourselves in a position to form a tolerably safe opinion as to the actual delinquents. The Board of General Officers has undertaken to dissipate all these crude notions, and has put forth a view of the campaign which has at least the recommendation of novelty. In mere matters of fact there is scarcely any discrepancy between the result of the

Chelsea Inquiry and the Report of the Crimean Commissioners; but the professional experience of half a dozen generals has thrown an entirely new light on the tragic history. The army did perish, it is true, but the transaction was perfectly regular, and no one was to blame. It is satisfactory to find that every officer displayed an amount of energy and intelligence exactly in proportion to his rank. Lord LUCAN used every exertion to meet the peculiar difficulties with which he had to contend. After the cavalry arrived at Kadikoi (by which time most of the horses were dead or useless), he was unceasing in his endeavours to erect shelter. The misunderstanding with Colonel GRIFFITHS was not proved to have checked the ardour of any other officer, and the want of promptitude or ingenuity suggested by the Commissioners was altogether a mistake, founded on the foolish hypothesis that carpenters were to be found in the wooden capital of Turkey, or on board of Her MAJESTY'S ships. Lord LUCAN was much too prompt and ingenious ever to ask for such assistance. In short, he was a model Commander of cavalry, and half his troop horses perished during the winter.

Lord CARDIGAN was scarcely less distinguished. His position was very embarrassing. Military reasons for keeping the dragoons on the plateau existed, which were in some degree irrespective of considerations of forage. It is not every officer who would appreciate the reasons for retaining cavalry before the enemy, after the horses had become too feeble to bear their riders or to fetch their food. But Lord CARDIGAN so fully comprehended the military importance of such tactics that he judiciously forbore to ask Lord RAGLAN'S permission to send the animals for food, and kept them at their allotted post till they sank from starvation. It must be confessed that few general officers could have been induced to make so heroic a sacrifice of their force, and we are not surprised that the extraordinary merit of the noble earl should have won the special commendation of the military Board.

General AIREY and Colonel GORDON, though less warmly praised than the commanders of the cavalry, have no reason to complain of the treatment they have received. They, together with their whole department, which failed to clothe or shelter the troops, used, it seems, their best exertions to promote, as far as depended on them, the welfare of the army. As for the knapsacks—of which, it will be remembered, the men were deprived for a month or two—the delay was attributable to various obstacles, and was of very little consequence, because it now appears that the necessaries which were supposed to be contained in the soldier's kit had, in fact, for the most part been left behind at Scutari. The loss of the knapsacks, therefore, saved the men from painful disappointment. By the end of November, half the tents were missing, and no one seemed to know whether they were at Varna, Scutari, or in the harbour of Balaklava; but when the mischief was done the QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL wrote home for more, and is therefore completely exonerated from all blame for the loss of the original supply. Paillasses were of no use, and the coats and boots were all too small—so the omission to issue them was but a proof of the General's sagacity. But these minor merits are eclipsed by a discovery of the Chelsea Board, which shows in a remarkable manner how admirably General AIREY was suited to his post. The great mystery of the functions of the QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL is at length solved. He has no stores, no storekeepers, no issuers, no means of transport, no machinery for the delivery of clothing, no responsibilities and no duties whatever, except to put his signature to the requisitions sent from the different regiments—a formality which became a matter of course, and was never in any case refused. There could not have been an office better calculated to display the qualities of General AIREY and Colonel GORDON, and it is quite natural that the success with which they got through their arduous task should be recognised as it is by the Chelsea tribunal. The only thing to be regretted is, that the army was, in point of fact, frozen to death for want of the comforts known as Quartermaster-General's stores.

Mr. FILDER'S rank did not entitle him to so large a measure of commendation at the hands of the Generals, but he too is fully exonerated from all kind of blame. It was not his business to suggest the issue of particular articles of diet, the existence of which in store was known only to his department, and for lack of which the troops were dying by hundreds. It clearly could not be the duty of any officer to employ unsuitable vessels for purposes of transport; and as the number of steamers was limited, he exercised a sound

discretion in narrowing his supplies of fresh meat and forage, instead of using the sailing vessels which were placed at his disposal. Under such circumstances, the Generals have of course pronounced that no more sea transport was available than that which was actually used. They have ascertained, moreover, that, with extraordinary foresight, Mr. FILDER eagerly pressed the authorities at home for supplies of forage which could not possibly have arrived in time to avert the calamities of November and December; and, pleasantly omitting dates, they repeat that he invariably set forth his requirements in urgent language, and declare themselves at a loss to understand the opinion of the Commissioners, that a man of comprehensive views might probably have risen superior to the difficulties which surrounded the commissariat service.

The short result of the long inquiry is, that two prompt and ingenious cavalry officers contrived to destroy their horses and dismount their force—that the most efficient of Quartermaster-Generals, seconded by a faultless staff of subordinates, left the army to die of cold—and that a Commissary-General of inventive resources and comprehensive views could neither feed the soldiers nor subsist his beasts of burden. Such being the results of employing men of genius so exalted, we hope that the next English army which may leave our shores will be entrusted to the care of officers who shall first have been examined and condemned by Sir ALEXANDER WOODFORD and his able and impartial colleagues. At the same time, we must congratulate Sir JOHN MCNEILL and Col. TULLOCH upon having escaped the damaging approval of their military judges; and it may be a further satisfaction to them to find that the evidence on the recent inquiry has confirmed the accuracy of their statements, and justified the universal belief that they almost alone among the Crimean officials knew how to discharge a difficult and invidious duty with fearless honesty and remarkable skill.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.

THE determination of the English Government not to dismiss Mr. DALLAS has been received with satisfaction in America. The national propensity to blustering of course suggests a tone of triumph to some portions of the press; but in general it seems to be understood that the conciliatory course adopted on this side of the Atlantic was not dictated by treachery or malignity, and was very far from being prompted by cowardice. Mr. PIERCE has nothing to gain by the further postponement of a peaceable solution of the difficulties which still remain to be adjusted between the two Governments. For the moment, the affectation of animosity to England is principally confined to the Republican minority; and, in the absence of any reasonable ground of quarrel, there seems to be a fair prospect of peace. There can be little doubt that Mr. MARCY has forwarded to Mr. DALLAS instructions of a more practical character than those which were contained in the published despatch. The limited acceptance of Lord CLARENDON's proposal of arbitration can lead to no useful result, and a substitute for the Convention of 1850 would be far more desirable than an authoritative interpretation of that unfortunate instrument. The disputes which have arisen as to the meaning of the Treaty were implicitly contained in its terms. The contracting Governments used ambiguous expressions, because they had not, in the first instance, arrived at a clear understanding: for while it was the object of both parties to keep the river of Nicaragua open, there was a tacit agreement that other questions should be left in abeyance. Mr. CLAYTON, in his recent speeches, seems to take credit for a desire to overreach his colleague in the negotiation; but a patriot out of place sometimes overrates the dishonesty which was found compatible with the responsibilities of office.

The plan which will probably be adopted for the settlement of the Central American difficulty is perfectly reasonable and simple. In the course of the former correspondence, Mr. BUCHANAN proved that Belize had not been a British possession thirty years since, and that our title to the Bay Islands was such as no conveyancer would have accepted as a security in a private purchase. On the other hand, Lord CLARENDON was unable to accept a demonstration which, on the part of the United States' Minister, was a diplomatic impertinence. The PRESIDENT had a right to require compliance with the terms of the BULWER-CLAYTON Convention; but the determination of the rights inherited from the Spanish Monarchy by the Central American Republics was wholly irrelevant to the pending negotiation. There is no

reason to suppose that Honduras, with a profusion of unoccupied territory on the mainland, strongly desired the revival or enforcement of its alleged title to Ruatan; but whatever may have been the motives which led to the recent demand, the intervention of a claimant possessed of an admitted *locus standi* is highly convenient and opportune. The English Government may decently waive, in favour of a friendly and insignificant State, a doubtful claim which must have been vindicated at all hazards against an unauthorised impugner; and if any scruples are felt in acknowledging an apparent encroachment, Honduras has fortunately concessions to offer which may give the cession something of the character of a bargain. The most advantageous route for interoceanic communication has not yet been definitively ascertained, and some authorities recommend the construction of a railway through the territory of Honduras. The Government of the Republic offers to guarantee the freedom of transit, and it is by no means impossible that at some future period such an undertaking may be valuable and important. Even if the consideration were insignificant, a prudent man would not look too narrowly at the price offered for a horse which is eating its head off. It is desirable to get rid of Ruatan without being forced to abandon it; and if a profit can be derived from the accomplishment of our object, the transaction will be doubly advantageous.

The right of passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific is the only possession in Central America which could ever be worth a war; and it is highly desirable, while the Republics of the Isthmus are still nominally independent, to procure from their respective Governments an obligation which, in the event of conquest or annexation, would naturally run with the land. There are numerous forms in which American ambition may at any time develop itself. It may become a BUCHANAN doctrine that the commerce between the oceans was reserved by Nature for the citizens of the States, and a new Ostend Congress of filibustering envoys may proclaim the exclusion of European trade from the Isthmus. In anticipation of such a possibility, it will be prudent to convert the natural right of transit into a vested interest; and when the freedom of commerce is once secured by treaty, all the adventurers of New Orleans may swarm into Central America without any injury to England.

It is obvious that a quarrel which offers so easy a solution can only have originated in a mistaken policy; but the blame ought to be fairly apportioned between the two parties to the dispute. Long before the extension of the Union to the Pacific turned the attention of the American Government to the passage of the Isthmus, diplomatic agents from Washington were habitually employed to excite the suspicions of the Spanish Republics against the influence of Great Britain. The English Consuls were not backward in their efforts to counteract American intrigues; and it is fortunate for both countries that they were not long since plunged into a war on the ground of some duodecimo *pronunciamento* at Nicaragua, or on the question whether a port should derive its name from St. JOHN or from Lord GREY. Ten or twelve years ago, the administration of the Mosquito Protectorate was indistinguishable from the exercise of sovereignty. The English Consul acted in all public matters on behalf of the puppet king; and if European settlers could have been induced to colonize the country, the Indian title would assuredly have been extinguished, and the supreme dominion assumed by the English Crown. The disputes which arose on the subject of Greytown probably convinced the Government of the imprudence of creating a new point of collision with the United States; and the Convention of 1850, embodying Mr. LAURENCE's proposal to Lord PALMERSTON, indicated and confirmed the practical acquiescence of England in pretensions which only become offensive when they are formalized into a MONROE doctrine. With an Indian Empire, a Canadian Viceroyalty, and an Australian continent at our disposal—not to mention the islands and fortresses which girdle the world—we may well afford to allow our Western descendants an exclusive field for filibustering and annexation from their own frontier to Cape Horn. The concession might have been made earlier and more gracefully if the manifest destiny of the Union had been less ostentatiously thrust in our faces. The English instinct of colonization, with its incidental temptations of conquest, is on the whole natural and legitimate; but American citizens on their own mainland will propagate the laws and language of our race far more efficiently than British subjects. The forests of Mosquito

will sooner or later be cleared by adventurers who will trade with us in our own tongue, and according to our own manners, without troubling us to provide ships or regiments for their protection, and without applying to the Colonial Office for a constitution. Some years must elapse before a change of policy on our part will find credence or comprehension abroad, but when it is once understood that England looks with indifference or complacency on the expansion of the American Union, there is every reason to believe that a more friendly feeling will be substituted for the dangerous jealousy which has hitherto prevailed. The cordial alliance of the United States would render England invulnerable, and it can never be worth while to throw such an advantage away for the sake of preserving a worthless diplomatic influence in Costa Rica or Guatemala. The Central American Continent may be given up to the policy of a powerful neighbour without impeachment of our national honour. If, however, we persevere in struggling for trifles which our rivals will regard as matters of importance, we shall again and again be forced to make humiliating concessions on points of detail. Hotspur was ready to fight to the death for a strip of land included in a bend of the Trent, but he professed his willingness to give thrice as much to any well-deserving friend. If the good will of America can be purchased by acquiescence in the extension of the Union southward, the price will cost us nothing.

Such a policy would happily be independent of party struggles in the United States. Mr. BUCHANAN, who, in concert with the notorious SOULÉ, devised the Ostend programme of annexation, naturally adopted the manifesto of the Cincinnati Convention. Colonel FREMONT, on the other hand, protests against the doctrine that the rights of the great Republic are co-extensive with its desires. As a question of abstract morality, the Republican candidate for the Presidency seems to hold the more tenable position; but it is no concern of ours if Mr. BUCHANAN attempts to conquer Mexico or Cuba. In the recent debates in Congress, the only Senators who had the courage to profess friendly feelings to England were representatives of the slaveholding democracy. Whatever may be the result of the November elections, the people of the United States may by degrees be taught to believe in the good will of the Mother-country, and it is not impossible that in a few years the fashion of "Pogram defiances" may have become altogether obsolete.

CHURCHMEN AND FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH.

"HAPPY in the timing of his death," was the last and crowning element in the great panegyric of AGRI-COLA. To be deprived of this euthanasia is the misfortune of the Bishop of LONDON's useful and honourable life. His sun sets in clouds—and, as far as we can judge, by no fault of his own. The Bill which provides for his retirement either sanctions a direct untruth, or fixes a grave blot upon Dr. BLOMFIELD's excellent fame. The Bill, as brought into the Lords, asserts his "desire to vacate," not to resign, "his See," and, "upon relinquishing its income, to accept 6000*l.* per annum." If this is true, the arrangement is a contract to do an illegal and simoniacal thing—if it is not true, the Government has libelled the Bishop. In either case, one of the first Bishops of the day—the Prelate to whose exertions his diocese owes so many churches, and to whose liberality so many poor clergymen owe their means of past and present usefulness—is made the occasion of ceaseless scandal and ribaldry. This is the painful and discreditable aspect of the case. Everybody of right judgment or feeling will at once own that the amount of the Bishop of LONDON's pension is not the blot in this business. Out of the sphere which Mr. THOMAS DUNCOMBE illustrates by his wit and wisdom, and apart from the peculiar zeal which Mr. ROEBUCK displays in his congenial capacity for grumbling at everything, there are few who can object to the propriety of episcopal resignations, or to the decency of resigning upon a pension. Episcopal resignations are no innovation in ecclesiastical precedent; and provision for an *emeritus* bishop is no anomaly. In the Eastern Church, a monastery—in the Gallican Church, the Royal Chapter of St. Denis—provides an honourable retreat for a bishop in the condition of the present occupants of London and Durham. The thing itself is both desirable and possible. Even the present law of England provides—as it could scarcely avoid providing—for such a contingency. A coadjutor Bishop of Westminster might have been created without any innovation in the law of England. And when the rash and hasty

church reforms of twenty-five years ago were inaugurated, to have retained the proceeds of a single stall in each diocese, with their accumulations, would have provided a becoming and proper retirement fund, as occasion required, for a superannuated bishop. At the present moment, such an arrangement might, as a general measure, have obviated all the criticism to which this unlucky scheme has laid itself open. But it was not to be. It is, we suppose, normal to a special class of friends of the Church to do a thing in itself desirable in the most unfortunate way. As of old, when they attempt to steady the ark, they are smitten with blindness. There is something judicial about it. Such blundering is not of the ordinary run of official mistakes. The present measure accumulates and attracts around itself every possible error, and one or two vices which even experience could not have suggested. Church reforms are proverbially blunders; and a Bill "presented by the LORD CHANCELLOR" presents, as was to have been expected, a legal hitch—we allude to its silence on the "resignation" of the Bishops. A Bill introduced in the middle of July, forced with hot and indecent haste through the Lords, and literally dragged through the Commons—a Bill which unites against it such men as Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. HENLEY, Sir JAMES GRAHAM and Mr. NAPIER, Sir WILLIAM HEATHCOTE and the Bishop of OXFORD, Lord SALISBURY, Lord POWIS, the Duke of NEWCASTLE, and Lord ROBERT CECIL—a Bill which literally is without an independent supporter—which rests only on the profound canonical law of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL and the officials of the Church Commission—is not only a reproach to the Government, but a wrong to the Church.

It is in this aspect that we protest against it. It is the old story—*delirant reges*. The Church's official guardians do everything that they can to prejudice the object of their over-nursing with the people of England, and then make the Church pay for the unpopularity which they force upon her. To read the *Times* and its daily and weekly echoes, one would think that every person in holy orders, from the Bishop to his chaplain, was only anxious to shirk his responsibilities, and to do the least work at the greatest pay. But has the Church asked for this measure? Have the Bishops? Has Convocation? Have the Universities? Have the recognised statesmen and laymen whose lives are devoted to the Church's interests and real efficiency? One and all—with the exception of Mr. WALPOLE, a Church Commissioner—protest, complain, denounce, oppose. It is a violation of the Church's own law—an innovation on the Church's own precedents—a *privilegium*, the consequences of which the two prelates alone concerned in it are alone accountable for. Why is the Church of England to suffer in its efficiency, or usefulness, or character, for the Bishop of DURHAM's interested, or the Bishop of LONDON's ill-informed, connivance at, or committal of, a flagrant, if unconscious, breach of the Church's law? This is the real inefficiency of the Church. It consists of individual bishops, not of an organic and living whole. The active bishop breaks down, and the jobbing bishop negotiates and bargains for himself and his own case; but each stands single. It is a Bishop to be provided for—a diocese to be kept going. It is not the Church to be regulated—it is only Dr. BLOMFIELD and Dr. MALTRY. Neither prelate, at the close of life, has anything better to fall back upon than a private friend or his own failing powers of management. So Lord CHICHESTER is the go-between passing from Fulham to Downing-Street, and Mr. WALPOLE or the Secretary undertakes an arrangement for the Lord of Bishop's Auckland. In the one case, there is a great mistake somewhere—in the other, there is an avowed bargain and sale. "The convenience of the Government," and of course the correlative convenience of the outgoing prelate, are eventually consulted and arranged for. Here is an arrangement in which the characters and interests of twenty-six bishops and some twenty thousand clergymen are not remotely involved; and not one of them is consulted. Two bishops retire; and the Church of England, in her credit and fame and usefulness, pays the retiring pensions. And very heavy pensions that Church will find them. The Bishop of EXETER may protest the Bill, and the Bishop of OXFORD may hint that the acceptor's signature has been either forged or surreptitiously procured, but the Church must cash it.

It is this individualism and speciality of the case which is its vice throughout. The retirement is simoniacal because it is a contract and private individual bargain. Much was made of this term in the recent debates. Simony, of course, is a word of art, a noun *secundæ intentionis*. Strictly speaking, the sin of SIMON MAGUS is simply impossible. He

bargained, or wished to bargain, for the purchase, not so much of orders as of miraculous gifts. But the form of the sin was accidental—its essence was that it was a contract. If he received a certain something, he would give so much money. Or this might be inverted. Had the apostles—we say it with reverence—been content to sell a certain spiritual thing for money, they also had committed simony. In either case, it is the passing of money and making a money contract for doing a spiritual act. That act might be to confer orders—to give or receive—to take up or lay down—spiritual preferment or office. To resign a benefice is no more simony than to receive one, and to resign a benefice on a pension is not simony. But to offer to resign a benefice on a bargain is simony. “If I receive so much, I will resign, but if I do not receive so much, I will not resign”—this is simony. It is the bargaining intention, and this is *malum in se*. The *malum prohibitum* is the contract, and this is simply illegal, because the law of England disallows the contract. The law of England does not make the contract or offer itself a crime—the ecclesiastical magistrate alone deals with that. The Bishop of LONDON’s letter is not an offence against the law of England; but it is, if words have any meaning, already an offence against the laws of the Church. It is *malum in se*—it would be, if executed, also *malum prohibitum*. But, with all respect both to Lord CAMPBELL, the CHANCELLOR, and Mr. CARDWELL, it is already simony. No *privilegium* can undo its ecclesiastical character. We do not say that it is an offence punishable by common law; but it is an offence which an Act of Parliament did not create and does not deal with, and the nature of which, being already a thing past, no *privilegium* can alter. The *privilegium* can dispense with the temporal penalties consequent upon its formal completeness; but as to the moral and spiritual act, it is over and done with, and no *ex post facto* and merely human legislation can change its inherent character. According to Mr. WALPOLE, SIMON MAGUS himself committed no simony. Unless the essence of the sin is in the intention and offer, SIMON is a much maligned personage. “I have to acknowledge the communication of your wishes to resign your see on the conditions mentioned by you”—such is Lord PALMERSTON’s reply to the Bishop of LONDON. “Upon the assurance that the pension of 4500*l.* will be granted, I shall be ready to resign”—this is the Bishop of DURHAM’s distinct offer. This is simony, or simony is impossible. To resign a see to which a retiring pension is already attached is not simony, any more than to resign Sodor and Man for Canterbury. What human law can deal with is the completion of the bargain—with the contract itself, and with the *animus contrahendi*, the spiritual law alone is competent to interfere. The friends of the Church, Lord SHAFTESBURY, and Mr. WALPOLE, have only eyes for the *malum prohibitum*. Churchmen such as Sir W. HEATHCOTE and Mr. GLADSTONE can with regret detect the *malum in se*, however unintentional, even in the conduct of one whom all must reverence, and whom many are delighted to love—the Bishop of LONDON himself.

INDIA.

THE Indian Budget is the last symptom of a moribund Parliament. It is not till after Ministers have forgotten the cares of the session in Greenwich convivialities that the President of the Board of Control [is allowed an opportunity of calling attention to the administration of our Indian Empire. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that he calls in vain. Even in its least languid moments, it would not, perhaps, be easy to rouse the House of Commons from its accustomed indifference to a discussion which wants the interest of a party struggle or a personal dispute, and which is of no manner of importance except to some hundred millions of her Majesty’s unrepresented subjects. The theme, it is true, is the grandest that the imagination can picture. It deals with the fate of kingdoms and the destinies of a seventh of the human race—it appeals to the sympathies of men who may, by a few well-timed words, exert a mighty influence over the happiness of a vast empire. But it is next to impossible to make people take an interest in matters of which they know little, and for which they care less; and were it not for a very few old Indians and some disinterested lawyers, who find relief to a bilious temperament in attacking the Directors, and a few representatives of the Board who feel it their mission to put down criticism, the annual history of Indian government would probably fail to call forth a single observation.

Mr. VERNON SMITH performed his unexciting task, on Monday evening, in the presence of a House which would not bear counting; and with the exception of a few casual remarks, the debate was confined to matters which, however deserving of notice, were ridiculously insignificant in comparison with the momentous subjects which invited the consideration of Parliament; The statement related to revenues of not less than 30,000,000*l.* a year. It told of public works executed at the cost of millions, and contributing to the support and comfort of a population nearly ten times that of England. It discussed the prospect of our relieving ourselves from dependence on America for our chief staple of industry. It described the construction of thousands of miles of telegraph, and hundreds of miles of railway. It enlarged on the growing education of the native races, and speculated on the ultimate fate of a Christian and civilized India. It spoke of the acquisition of two kingdoms within the year—one of them larger than our own island—and touched on details of the highest importance in the organisation of the civil and military establishments by which the order and tranquillity of our Asiatic dominions are maintained. And what had the House of Commons to say upon the subject? Why, that the Directors had been too eager in litigating the question of DYCE SOMERRE’s sanity—that they had put in an improper plea in the case of the RAJAH of COORG—that the counsel who opposed the NAWAB of SURAT got too large a fee, and Lord DALHOUSIE too handsome an acknowledgment of his valuable services—and, worst grievance of all, that the members of the Indian Law Commission had been treated with scant courtesy. These were the suggestions which honourable members were able to contribute towards the better government of India. Mr. BUTT, indeed, attempted to introduce the case of a Scindian Prince who had, rightly or wrongly, been deprived of his revenues and territories by the irresistible power of the Company. But this was ruled to be altogether irrelevant to the topic of the evening, and, with the exception of a few passing words on the transactions at Lucknow and the prevalence of torture, not a single point of any significance was referred to.

The apathy with which the affairs of India are treated by Parliament is not creditable. When there is a question of shutting up pot-houses, or silencing Sunday bands, or sanctioning some other piece of petty tyranny which may tell on the hustings with respectable voters, we are sure of crowded benches and an animated debate; but if it is only India that asks for consideration, the utmost to be expected is a sprinkling of members, who attend for no more important purpose than to twit the Directors with some matter personal to themselves, or to cavil at the amount of their legal expenses. Mr. V. SMITH seems to think that a remedy is to be found in appointing an earlier period of the session for the annual discussion; but we confess we have little hope of substantial amendment until our representatives shall be imbued with a deeper sense of their responsibilities. One of the very few members who bring any thought to bear on the affairs of India was this year absent, from a cause which, it is to be hoped, will prove but temporary; and we have no doubt that, had Mr. BRIGHT been present, he would not have allowed the present policy of the Indian Government with reference to public works and other equally important matters, to pass without comment.

The intimations of the President of the Board of Control on the subject we have just named are as unsatisfactory as they well could be. With a vast parade of accuracy, he leaves us in the utmost uncertainty as to the amount which has been devoted to the great remunerative works which are the chief want of India; but he adds that operations of this kind are to be restricted in future. In the Minute of the late Governor-General, it appeared that the gross expenditure for public works was two millions and a half sterling in 1854, and nearly three millions in 1855, while the extraordinary works alone were estimated for 1856 at two millions and a quarter. In Mr. Smith’s calculations, the item of public works is made to include only the extraordinary expenditure, without reckoning the annual outlay for repairs; and this reduces the amount to less than two millions in 1855, and not much more in 1856. Even of these sums, a large proportion has gone to the construction of barracks; and it now appears that the magnificent promises made a year or two ago, that the material resources of the country should be liberally developed by Government, have resulted in an outlay of perhaps a million a year on works of a remunerative character. Such sums may seem considerable when compared with similar items of Govern-

ment expenditure at home. But the cases are not parallel. In India, the Company is the universal landlord; and the fair test of the spirit with which it has entered on the improvement of its property will be found by comparing its investments with those made by landlords in England. It is no uncommon thing for the owner of a neglected estate to sink several years' rental at once in permanent improvements; and so judicious a course is this supposed to be, that special powers have been given by the Legislature to the owners of incumbered property to charge the cost of improvements on their estates in priority to every other claim. The increased value of the land more than covers the addition to the debt, and the owner and the mortgagees are alike gainers by the transaction. Contrast this with the management of the Company's Indian estate. It is confessedly in a waste and dilapidated condition. Huge tracts are subject to periodical droughts, with the necessary consequences of famine and disease. The ancient appliances for the remedy of the evil have been suffered to fall into decay, and they always were, at the best, inadequate. Canals, anicuts, and reservoirs, are calculated by cautious men to pay some 30 per cent. on their original cost, and improved means of communication would indirectly add incalculably to the resources of the land and to the public revenue. Yet the Indian Government takes great credit to itself for having had the courage to spend a twentieth or thirtieth part of its rental on improvements, though it fears that, under the influence of a momentary excitement, it has been rather too energetic, and proposes to reduce its future expenditure to a much lower standard.

This is mere trifling, and the reasons assigned for such parsimony are utterly puerile. The principal plea is, that there is no surplus revenue to defray the cost. But why should that be an obstacle when money is to be had at 3 or 4 per cent.? The work is far too heavy to be defrayed out of income; but that is no reason why the Government should abandon the duty which it owes to the territories entrusted to its charge, or forego a certain source of increased revenue. Lord DALHOUSIE, apparently in anticipation of the course now announced, reminds the Directors that they are bound to pursue a policy of improvement, and that it is impracticable to effect, and absurd to attempt, the material development of a great empire by an expenditure limited to its ordinary annual income. The same document in which he lays down this obviously sound doctrine teems with evidence of the striking success of the undertakings accomplished during the eight years of his administration. But the Indian Government, it seems, is proof both against warning and encouragement; and, instead of raising an adequate loan for public works, which would pay the interest five, or perhaps ten times over, the rulers of our Eastern Empire are already frightened at the beginning they have made, and can think of nothing but timid retrenchment. Why was there no one in the House of Commons to suggest to them that it would be wiser economy to borrow fifty or a hundred millions for the improvement of their territories than to save one by reducing the amount of their productive expenditure?

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

IN the old and popular allegory of the Middle Ages, Death is used to appear as the universal conqueror. The Emperor and the Pope—the priest and the lady—the merchant and the labouring man—each in turn was hauled off the mortal scene by the grim skeleton. It was a striking, if grotesque, impersonation of the terrible and final victory. We want a new Dance of Death, in which all this simple, antiquated morality shall be reversed. Death, instead of being every man's enemy, shall be pictured by the coming HOLBEIN as everybody's ally. We must present Death as the friend and secret agent of every profession. Here, at Leeds, are Death and the Husband conning over the qualities and results of strychnia—at Rugeley, Death and the Doctor are drugging a friend and patient, and contemplating his agonies. And at Christchurch, Death and the Lawyer, Death and the Housekeeper, Death and the Surgeon, Death and all the small tradesmen of the place, are holding a festival of unreason, and swearing that, in their opinion, a babbling lunatic is a gentleman of high literary attainments—quite as rational as other people—an intelligent master, and a most capable and useful member of society.

Christchurch, in the county of Hampshire, must be a very odd place. The case of *SHARP v. MACAULEY*

betrays a state of things which we should say would justify an enterprising traveller or missionary in making that remarkable little town the scene of his inquiries or labours. It seems to us that the lake Ngami is by no means so exceptional a locality, and that the manners and customs of the Christchurch people present to the full as curious an ethnological study as those of the Zoolos or Dyaks. Here, in refined and educated England, and in a municipality which retains the distinguished honour of being represented in the British Parliament, we find this sort of society. A person suddenly appeared in the town of Christchurch some twenty years ago—he was attended by a housekeeper, who remained in his service for thirty years, and was blessed with two daughters, who successively became the wives of the same man—"the postboy of the Dragon." The master of this establishment was one Mr. GEORGE MACAULEY. He had his little peculiarities. He never moved out of the house—seldom quitted his bed or bedroom. He had singular notions about cleanliness and the care of his person. From infancy he could never be brought to abide clean linen. He had odd habits of talking to people through doors. Like Mr. LONGFELLOW's, his voices were of the night, and, like SOCRATES, he was accustomed to hold high converse with his shadow, or his familiar demon. He once made, or proposed to make, a will, in which, properly enough, he left his fortune to a sister—fettered, however, with the somewhat unusual proviso that the said sister should, after the manner of a lady in the *Arabian Nights*, to whom a similar duty was entrusted as a special mark of confidence, decapitate him, and sink his head six miles out at sea. Such was the master; and the female establishment had its views of things in general, which, in a moral aspect, were not inconsistent with the vagaries of its agreeable head. The handmaid who married the two brothers—JANE SCOTT, whilome JEFFERY, née GOUGH—reckons her married years as ten, but for fourteen years she has been entitled to the otherwise honourable name of mother. Her charming daughter was born "unknown" to her master in the very house which he never quitted night or day. Indeed, so immersed was Mr. MACAULEY in his literary pursuits, that not only was he careless of the arrival of this little stranger, but he was never seen by any human being except the GOUGH family and two other persons—each on a single occasion—for thirty years. His bookseller knew him only by his voice. His utterances, like those of the Pythia, were through closed doors. Once he became visible to a barber, and once to a tailor. This is all that Christchurch knew of its great citizen. Not that his presence did not make itself felt. He had a turn for convivialities, though, contrary to the habits of mortal men, he never condescended to sit down at his own board. Once or twice a year he asked all the Christchurch tradesmen to a banquet, which must have been as those of the gods. The lord conversed with his guests from an upper chamber—still he was only heard, but not seen of men. Even with his ministering spirits, the GOUGH and JEFFERY family, his intercourses were not of a genial kind. He submitted, but not with a good will, to their presence. He ungallantly termed his faithful guardian, who clung to him with undeviating affection for thirty years, a disgusting woman and an African Hottentot. Yet in favour of this Hottentot, or rather of her daughter, Mr. MACAULEY made a will, bequeathing her and her family all his fortune, to the exclusion of a lunatic brother, and two impoverished gentlewomen, his sisters.

Such was Mr. MACAULEY in his Christchurch hermitage. Of his previous life two or three little, but marked, particulars are preserved by independent testimony. Though a man of considerable means, he once contrived to get imprisoned for debt, and was so fascinated with a gaol life that he could not be got to discharge himself from prison. On another occasion, a London solicitor declined to receive a conveyance of property from him, so convinced was he of Mr. MACAULEY's insanity; and again, a Mr. SHARP annotated on his name in the list of Hampshire freeholders the significant epigraph "Lunatic." We purposely avoid any of the domestic revelations of his early years; for they proceed from his own sister, who was ousted of the property, and whose interest, as she was contesting the will against the GOUGH family, it was, of course, to represent him as insane. At length, Mr. MACAULEY, nearly a septuagenarian, died. As might have been expected, his will was contested, and an issue was sent down to Winchester to try the sanity of the testator. Most properly it has been decided against the GOUGH family, and in favour of the surviving MACAULEYS. In other words,

a Hampshire jury pronounces Mr. MACAULEY to have been of unsound mind, or rather of such unsound mind as to have rendered him incapable of disposing of his property. We make this distinction because, according to modern practice, scientific gentlemen hold—for the form of it is immaterial—either that all minds are unsound, and consequently there is no such thing as sanity, or that all minds are sound, and consequently that there is no such thing as insanity. At Leeds, we are assured “on high medical testimony,” that to cultivate a propensity and to dwell on it, even though that propensity be to murder or rape, induces an insane state, and, therefore, releases from responsibility; while at Christchurch, a surgeon forty-three years in practice, a gentleman of the name of PALMER, is found to depose that Mr. GEORGE MACAULEY, the personage whose life and conversation we have epitomized, was possessed “of a very fine strong mind.” Such is the medical art at Christchurch. Nor is the sister science of law behind it. Mr. RISDEN SHARP, the Christchurch attorney, in whose office was prepared the Voters’ List in which Mr. MACAULEY was entered by Mr. SHARP’s father as insane, and who drew up the will which has been rejected, testifies also to his entire and professional belief in Mr. MACAULEY’s sanity.

If such are the lawyer and doctor of Christchurch, Hampshire, we must say that it is not as other towns. It is singularly happy, or at least peculiar in its experts. We have heard of a fool’s paradise; and probably its terrene double may be found, if anywhere, on the flat lands of Hampshire. All that we have to ask is, that the test of insanity in England should not be quite so much influenced by topographical limits. In Hampshire, Mr. MACAULEY’s peculiarities are only signs of originality—little idiosyncrasies, which we should not so much pardon as expect in a high genius. Evidently Mr. MACAULEY overawed the Hampshire intelligence. As, in the East, a first-rate Bedlamite receives divine honours, so, probably, at Christchurch they would have made Mr. MACAULEY mayor, and, after a few years’ more experience of their fellow-citizen’s devotion to the Eternal Silences, the natives would probably have returned him to Parliament. At Leeds, on the other hand, the theory of the human mind is, though simpler, perhaps more remarkable. While at Christchurch we find that to run a muck would be evidence of a “very fine strong mind,” in Leeds, a man must be mad if he only can make up his mind to break a commandment. The Yorkshire test is, that a man must be mad to sin—in Hampshire, to do what the world prohibits is a proof of mental power. To make an incontestable will, you have only, according to Christchurch science, to mop and mow, and to violate every law social and moral; while at Leeds you may murder your wife with impunity and irresponsibility, because this results from an “uncontrollable propensity.” In the North, crime is an impossibility—in the South, insanity cannot exist. Between them, Dr. CALEB WILLIAMS and Messrs. PALMER and SHARP would make it a pleasant world to live in. If this sort of thing is to go on, we shall have rather to reform the dictionary than the law of England. A short Act of Parliament is wanted to expunge the word “insanity” from the language. Its present use only wastes time. It is the opprobrium of medical science, but we do not intend to make it the stalking-horse of injustice and crime. Whether Mr. DOVE’s or Mr. MACAULEY’s sanity or insanity be proved to the satisfaction of the medical witnesses, is a very small matter to the English people, so long as the former is hanged, and the will of the latter set aside. With these substantial results—and any other judicial results of these two trials would be calculated to dissolve the social state—we can afford to let medical men make exhibitions of themselves. At present, they only bring discredit on the profession which they represent. We trust that it will be found beyond their power to damage anything more serious.

THE CASE OF WILLIAM DOVE.

THE result of the trial of William Dove gives another illustration of the vagueness with which people think about every subject in the least degree remote from their ordinary avocations. Looked at as it stands, the verdict of the jury is a simple absurdity. To recommend a murderer to mercy “on account of his defective intellect,” is about as absurd as it would be to recommend him to mercy on account of his defective morality. We believe the truth to be that the jury had but the vaguest notion of the meaning of their own language. “Defective” and “intellect” are just the kind of words which have a charm for shopkeepers, farmers, and other half-educated persons. Any one who

has observed the language of that class of people will recognise, in the use of these terms, the fondness for fine phrases and vagueness of thought which is unfortunately creeping over a large part of our population. “We recommend him to mercy because he is a stupid fellow,” or “because he is a natural fool,” would have been an intelligible absurdity; but “because of his defective intellect” is just one of those phrases which have in reality no sense at all. It does not quite mean that the man is stupid, and it does not quite mean that he is an idiot. Put into plain words, what the jury probably meant was, that they did not agree with the well-known rule of law that mere madness is not sufficient to entitle a criminal to an acquittal, but only such madness as incapacitates him from distinguishing right from wrong. What they would have said if they had been plainspoken straightforward men would have been—“We think that Dove is guilty, but we also have some doubts whether he is not mad, and therefore we think he ought not to be hanged.”

Assuming this to be what the jury meant, is their recommendation a reasonable one? As far as we can judge from the newspaper reports of the trial, we think it is not. The question is no doubt one of difficulty, but it is also one of the very highest importance, because it involves the question whether or not a rule of law, laid down with the greatest deliberation by the highest authority in the kingdom, shall be abolished. Taking the view of the case most favourable for the prisoner, what does it amount to? That, from an early age, Dove was one of those mixtures of stupidity, malignity, and extravagance who are unhappily sufficiently numerous to enable most persons to form some judgment as to their position from personal experience. Most of us could mention individuals who might any day break out into almost any kind of extravagant folly without surprising their acquaintance—people who are morbidly susceptible in their feelings, crotchety and fantastic in their opinions, and violent in their language, but who are nevertheless perfectly competent to manage their affairs in life, sometimes with distinguished ability. If a man of this kind is wicked as well as extravagant, he is just such a person as William Dove—a man who tortures his wife in his maturity, as he tortured animals and frightened maid-servants in his boyhood. He marries a woman, ill-treats her, and finally murders her, by poison, in the most deliberate manner. How is he to be dealt with? He unites in himself the two characteristics of madness and wickedness, each of which has been kept within certain bounds, until at last they produce an explosion which would not have occurred had he been either quite sane or moderately good, and which may be either the result of frightful wickedness or the last and conclusive symptom of a long latent disease.

The opinion of almost every physician upon such cases is, that they fall within the principle which entitles man to the benefit of a doubt. Madness, they tell us, is so mysterious, that it is impossible to say what connexion there may be between any of its manifestations and any part of the conduct of its victims. They refer, for example, to a case in which a man was mad on the point of windmills. He had an insane passion for watching them. He was removed to a place where there were no windmills, that the fancy might wear out. Shortly afterwards, he murdered a child; and it was discovered that he did so because he thought that, as a punishment, he might be removed to some place where there were windmills. From this and other instances of the same kind, it is argued that, wherever any delusion is proved to exist, the person affected ought to be exempt from criminal responsibility, because it is impossible to say how far the delusion may not be connected with the act; and in answer to the objection that the delusion, if true, would not justify the act, it is replied, that the existence of such delusions incapacitates the mind from forming any just opinion about the circumstances connected with them, just as in dreams men not only argue on false premises, but come to illogical conclusions. It is also maintained that madness often produces impulses to do particular acts—impulses of such force as to be entirely uncontrollable, and to render those affected by them as completely helpless as if they were mere tools. This, we believe, fairly represents what may be called the medical view of the case.

The legal mode of regarding it is somewhat different. The lawyer says, “I am determined to punish every man who voluntarily, intentionally, and with full knowledge of the character of the act, commits a crime. I will not exempt a man merely because he is afflicted by a disease which often deprives men of will, of intention, or of knowledge—I must have proof that, in the particular case in question, one or other of these elements of guilt was, in fact, destroyed by reason of the disease.” The whole question, therefore, between the lawyers and the doctors is a question of degree. As soon, say the doctors, as we have shown that certain symptoms occur in a particular case, your investigations must stop. No, say the lawyers—you must go on to give us some ground for supposing that, in the particular case, the consequences which destroy criminality have actually followed. Show us that the man was a mere tool, and you destroy the averment that the act was wilful—show us that he was incapable of appreciating the nature of the act, the fact of its being forbidden by law, or the reasons of the prohibition, and you have destroyed the averment of malice—but, unless one or both of these things is done, the man is a murderer, though

he were the maddest patient in Bedlam, and shall be hanged accordingly. We think the legal doctrine eminently wise, and indispensable to the security of society. Suppose, for example, that a professional burglar, who has committed murder in order to avoid detection, from the plainest and commonest motives, is proved to have believed some years before that his little finger was made of glass—is he to be acquitted on the ground that there is a possibility that he may have been walking all his life in a dream, in the face of the strongest evidence of deliberate malignant design? Or put the case another way, and suppose that his crime was picking a pocket—is he to be imprisoned for life in the criminal ward at Bedlam as soon as his delusion is discovered? If the principle is good in the one case, it is equally good in the other.

Approving, therefore, entirely of the law as it stands, let us see how it applies to the present case. What reason is there to suppose that, when Dove poisoned his wife, he either could not help it, or did not know it was wrong? Could he help it? Dr. Caleb Williams thinks he could not, because, by long "nourishing the idea" of poisoning his wife, his "mind became diseased, and he could not control his acts." Granting this hypothesis for a moment, why are we to infer that Dove waited till his mind was diseased to give the strychnine? Why may he not have poisoned her before the desire became uncontrollable? Palmer poisoned Cook, Donally poisoned Broughton, the Marchioness of Brinvilliers poisoned a great many people, probably after thinking about it for some considerable time.—Were all their minds diseased? Surely it is carrying the doctrine of "reasonable doubt" to the most amazing lengths to assume, without a single particle of evidence, that a wicked man, having the motives which usually actuate murderers, and deliberately forming a scheme such as murderers often form, did not begin to put it into execution till after his wicked longings had taken the form of mental disease. The law reasonably presumes that one who deliberately kills another is a murderer, and it is for the prisoner to rebut that presumption. He does so in this case, by offering a suggestion that he possibly may have fallen within the limits of a questionable theory. How far Dr. Williams's theory may be founded on fact we cannot say; but this we say, that if a man, being responsible, broods over murder till at last his mind becomes diseased, he ought, in our opinion, to be made responsible for the consequences, unless the disease deprived him not only of the power of resisting temptation, but also of the reason which would enable him to suggest to others the propriety of protecting him against himself. The only reason why the law does not punish the will as well as the deed, is the impossibility of proving it. Where the defence amounts merely to saying, "I so gloated over the prospect of destroying my wife's life, that at last I could not help doing it," the wicked will is admitted; and inasmuch as we have both the will and the act, and a connexion between the two, it matters little whether it is precisely the very kind of connexion which the criminal at first anticipated. It cannot be too often repeated that there are many forms of madness for which men are morally responsible, and we can hardly be too slow to remove the legal responsibility which is one of the most effective auxiliaries of the conscience. Lust and drunkenness are the two great agents by which madhouses are peopled, and we do not see why men who willingly enter into bondage to them should, by the very wickedness of their acts, secure themselves impunity. Mr. Kitchen thought that Dove's act was "partly impulsive." Impulsive madness is, we believe, a technical name for that description of madness which occasionally breaks out into frantic actions; but how can any one suppose that Dove had some fifty different irresistible impulses scattered over a period of many days—that he was irresistibly impelled to buy the strychnine—irresistibly impelled to try experiments with it—irresistibly impelled to administer it to his wife on several occasions?

We have named the principal witnesses to the involuntary character of the prisoner's actions. It would, we think, be hard to imagine any evidence less conclusive. If Dove acted voluntarily, did he know that he was doing wrong? It is, of course, impossible to look into the prisoner's mind, and to unravel the whole of his thoughts on the subject of his crime; but we have considerable evidence as to the preparations which he made for committing it, and as to the manner in which he viewed it after it was committed. We do not wish to go into any metaphysical discussion upon the nature of right and wrong, but we think that a man may be said to know that murder is wrong if he knows that it is forbidden by law, that it will cause great distress and insecurity, and that it is altogether irreconcilable with the existence of society. Is there any sort of proof that Dove was unaware of these truths? There is, on the contrary, the strongest evidence the other way. He made false excuses to get the poison. He poisoned animals to give a colour to his possession of it. He made inquiries about the probability of an inquest and a post-mortem examination. He said that strychnine could not be detected in a woman's body. He consulted Harrison the astrologer as to the propriety of his going back and taking his chance of being arrested. In short, in every action he clearly recognised the legal criminality of the act, whilst his letter to his mother-in-law, in which he expresses his sorrow at his wife's illness, shows that he

was aware of its moral character. It is therefore clear, beyond all doubt whatever, that Dove's act falls within the legal definition of wilful murder. We have already expressed our entire concurrence in the wisdom of that definition, and the consequence therefore is, that in our opinion he is an unfit person for the exercise of the prerogative of pardon.

There are persons, however, to whom this will appear a coldly logical and legal view of the question. They may probably feel that, however perfect the legal theory may be, it is still a painful thing to hang a man who has not all the mental powers or advantages of other men. We would point out to such persons that a great part of the trial of life consists in the proper management of our minds no less than of our bodies. A crime like Dove's is not a single isolated act, but the consequence of a vast number of other acts, to any or all of which he might have given a different colour. How many foul desires must a man have pampered—how many vile thoughts must he have cherished—before he could be brought into such a state as to suggest the defence that he dwelt upon the prospect of his wife's death by his own hand so greedily and so long that at last he was physically compelled to consummate his diabolical plan? It is a vile, dastardly, emasculate theory which refuses to look with indignation upon a life like this. "Thy soul shall not pity him, he shall surely be cut off from his people," was the stern, and we believe the substantially merciful, precept of the Jewish law. To brand such a life with its true character by giving it a disgraceful termination, is a stern but most important duty; for there is no more impressive way of communicating to mankind the fact, that now, as much as in the darkest and wildest times, there is a great gulf and an implacable hostility between good and evil, and that the good is strong enough to make certain manifestations of its opposite incompatible with the enjoyment of even the vilest form of human society. Dove's execution would be the most emphatic way of reminding men, not only that great crimes are still possible, notwithstanding the superficial varnish which civilization has cast over society, but also that legal responsibility is co-extensive with power, and that if a man voluntarily puts himself into a position in which crime is inevitable, or if he wilfully neglects to govern his temper and feelings, his career may end at the gallows as well as in the madhouse.

CORRECTED TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

MR. HEYWOOD moved on Tuesday evening for a Commission of learned men to review the Authorized Version of the Scriptures, and he was answered by Sir George Grey in a short, shallow, but quite successful speech. Mr. Heywood is one of those persons who, with the best intentions in the world, do the maximum of harm to every cause which they take under their patronage. We have not forgotten his display of discretion in the Sabbath debate, when he informed the House of Commons that no sane man in Europe believed the early chapters of Genesis to be anything but a myth. He was hardly more felicitous in the arguments which he employed on Tuesday; and, indeed, it is difficult to underrate the judgment of a gentleman who anticipates no opposition to his proposal, except such as the Bible Society, in the interest of its existing stock of Bibles, may be tempted to offer. If Mr. Heywood could succeed in persuading the country that an improved translation of the Bible is demanded exclusively by his own small sect, he would destroy every chance of our obtaining that great and urgently-needed boon. We are happy to see, however, that the subject has not quite broken down under him, and that Professor Selwyn is still to bring it under the notice of the clergymen assembled in Convocation.

Our opinion on the subject is the only one which common honesty appears to us to permit. Sir George Grey objects to any alteration of the received text, that it would "unsettle the faith of the country"—that it would "cause general alarm"—and that the existing version is "distinguished for beauty and simplicity." We have failed to apprehend the force of the first objection. An improved translation could only unsettle the faith of the country in passages proved to have been hitherto misinterpreted; and surely it is not recommended that we should continue to pin our faith to mistakes. As to the "general alarm" which would be caused, and the "beauty and simplicity" which would be sacrificed, by an amendment of the existing translation, we see no reason whatever why Sir George Grey's fears should be realized; but even if it were so, we say that every risk ought to be run when the true meaning of the Sacred Writings is in question. Simplicity and beauty of language are good things, and the confidence of the country is a good thing. We have the highest regard for them; but now, as of old, *magis amica veritas*. In presence of the interests which are involved in the accuracy and genuineness of the Biblical text, all inconveniences become immaterial, and all sacrifices insignificant. Sir George Grey states his opinion that the Authorized Version contains but "slight inaccuracies." The magnitude of these inaccuracies is exactly the moot point; but, granting all that Sir George Grey seems to demand, we maintain that his epithet involves a paradox. "Slightness" and "smallness" are qualities materially affected by the importance of the subject of which they are predicated. A mistake of a fiftieth part of an inch in measuring a field is "slight;" but the same mistake in forming the connecting-rod of a steam-engine is anything but "slight."

We affirm it to be self-evident that, according to the received theory of Scripture, "small," "slight," and "great" are words which have no meaning when used of mistakes in interpreting the text.

We will not follow Mr. Heywood in specifying particular inaccuracies of the Authorized Version. We prefer calling attention to admissions of its defectiveness. One of the most eminent evangelical divines of the last generation was the late Professor Scholefield, of Cambridge. He was the successor of Simeon in the hegemony of his party, but he was also the successor of Porson in the Chair of Greek. We believe we are not beyond the truth in saying that the one great object of his life was to impress on his friends and the country the necessity of revising the English New Testament. As respects the Old Testament, a demonstration even more striking than any of Professor Scholefield's has recently been made by the body which, of all others, has done most to diffuse the doctrines of Evangelical Protestantism. The Religious Tract Society has published the first volume of its *Annotated Paragraph Bible*. We simply ask any body who thinks the demand for an improvement of the existing Version premature or unnecessary, to glance at the alterations suggested in the Tract Society's notes on the Poetical and Prophetic Books. Let him look in particular at the Canticles, and say whether the received translation is not there, at least, guilty of much worse faults than inaccuracy and insufficiency. There cannot, moreover, be a doubt that this Society has supplied a complete answer to Sir George Grey's hints respecting the general alarm of the country and the unsettlement of its faith. We never heard the faintest whisper of objection to this most popular publication, even in the most sensitive quarters; and yet no one who knows the way in which the Bible is read by three-fourths of Englishmen can have a moment's doubt that the change effected by the removal of the absurd chapter-and-verse arrangement must be infinitely more startling to them than would be any amendments in the text which a Commission would be likely to suggest. It would be difficult to persuade us that the question so flimsily treated by Sir George Grey is not actually solved in the sense for which we contend, in the eyes of everybody who possesses or has looked into the *Annotated Paragraph Bible*.

Our own view appears to us so obviously founded on the clearest principles of morality that we can scarcely bring ourselves to state other considerations. Yet it is plain, we should think, that to have the educated classes believing in one sacred book, and the unlearned in another, is a social evil of the first magnitude. There are other mischiefs, too, which are daily felt by religious men. Everybody who has come in contact with those classes which have yet to be reclaimed to Christianity by the Scripture-reader, the city missionary, and the clergyman, is aware that they attach curious and certainly exaggerated importance to mistakes of translation in the English Bible. What sort of an answer is it to their cavils to say that these mistakes are "slight"—which is the point to be proved—or that they do exist, but that it would "unsettle the faith of the country" to correct them? Would it not be infinitely better to tell them that all the available talent of the world has been employed to ensure the accuracy of the Authorized Version, and that they have the same reasons for believing in its fidelity which they have for believing in the correctness of the Government translation of the Treaty of Paris? Then again, the Protestant is placed at an enormous disadvantage in his controversy with the Roman Catholic by the imperfection of the English Bible; for, so long as the Authorized Version is allowed to contain acknowledged errors, it is upheld on the same principles as the Douay Bible. As we have said this before, and given some offence by saying it, we will state our meaning more at length. The Roman Catholics admit that the Douay Version does not agree with the conclusions of Greek and Hebrew scholars; but they say that this version is sanctioned by the Church, and that, if the authority of the Church were not to prevail over the dicta of learned men, the faith of mankind would be unsettled. On the other hand, certain English Protestants acknowledge with Sir George Grey that the English translation is erroneous on some points, but they assert that, if these errors were removed, the "faith of the country would be unsettled." We should like to know in what the Protestant argument differs from the Roman Catholic, except that, in the former, the middle proposition is omitted much to the detriment of the reasoning. Let it not be supposed, however, for a moment that the Roman Catholic Church is foolish enough to neglect so great an advantage as the possession of a version of the Scriptures as nearly approximating to absolute accuracy as human knowledge can make it. Within the last few years, the Pope has employed the first Hebrew scholar of our day, at an enormous expense, to collate all the accessible manuscripts in Europe, and particularly those in the Vatican Library, and to render the improved text in a laboriously faithful version. This translation is, characteristically enough, confined to the Cardinals, and to a few safe hands; but access to it may doubtless be had for all purposes of controversy.

Sir George Grey capped his arguments by the remark that clergymen, in respect of their duty to explain the Scriptures, were bound to warn their hearers against inaccuracies in the biblical text. The suggestion is a singular one from a Minister whose theological leanings are believed to be on the side of the

theory which attaches preponderating weight to private perusal and study of Holy Writ. The question must, however, be asked, whether the clergy are really equal to the duty assigned to them. No doubt a large proportion of them are fairly capable of interpreting the text of the New Testament—though even here the proposition must be confined to the clergy of the Church of England and to the ministers of the more regularly educated Dissenting sects. Who, however, will venture to say that ministers of religion in England can guard their congregations against errors in the translation of the Old Testament, though it is notoriously in this portion of our version that the most formidable mistakes occur? In Europe at large, genuine Hebrew scholarship is an acquisition of the last thirty or forty years. The Hebrew learning of the last century and of the beginning of the present was a mere apology for ignorance, and true knowledge of the sacred language is the last refined result of an extensive comparative philology. Here in England, the real Hebrew scholars—the men whose familiarity with Hebrew comes up to the ordinary standard of scholarship in Latin and Greek—might be counted on one's fingers, and perhaps on the fingers of one hand. But, in truth, to talk of greater or less familiarity with Greek and Hebrew is to miss the point at issue. Congregations are notoriously intolerant of departures from the text of the Bible which is before their eyes; and no man who covets an extensive popularity or influence will venture to suggest frequent corrections of it. The proof of this—and here we have one of the strongest reasons for an improved translation—lies in the fact that far the greater part of the really popular religious teachers, of those who create opinion and diffuse doctrine, are men who depend exclusively on the received version of the Scriptures. Dr. Cumming exercises a great, and, as we believe, a most pernicious influence over the middle classes; and who will dare to attribute even a decent knowledge of Greek to the writer who tells us that Sebastopol cannot mean the "city of Augustus," because the original form of the word was "Sebastenopolis"? In a similar position are a number of preachers, all-powerful with the lower part of the middle class and with a portion of the poor, of whom Mr. Spurgeon may be taken as the type—Mr. Spurgeon, who founds a sweeping theory of predestination on the difference between two words, "shall" and "will," which have been indifferently employed by our translators in rendering the Greek future. It is not one of the least singular points about Mr. Spurgeon's theory, that a Scotchman would be sure to draw the reverse conclusion from the passages which he cites. Not, however, that so small a matter as the difference between English and Scotch usage would have troubled Mr. Spurgeon, if his attention had been called to it. Doubtless, he would say that he sticks to the English version in the English sense; and we are sure he would continue to pass sentence of eternal misery on all mankind, except a minority of the New Park-street congregation. Such are the consequences of a "slight inaccuracy."

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

IT is a very easy matter for an individual politician in a country, who fumes on a hot day over the columns of a London journal, to hit upon some scheme for setting everybody right, and bringing back the sun of England from the abyss in which it is so apt to hide itself. As a man pokes his way about or lounges by the water-side, he is at liberty to indulge his fancy, and to picture to himself how easily, if he had the opportunity, he could dispose of the rascals who mismanage our affairs. He would soon stop the villany that is going on, and unmask the corruption of Government. The favourite foible of such a visionary is a belief in the panacea of an inconvertible paper currency; but the fancy takes many shapes, and there is scarcely any plan that may not find an advocate who, in other respects, is sane, intelligent, and reflective, but who cannot resist the temptation of devising some simple and efficacious remedy for all the political evils he sees reason to deplore. It does not seem to depend much on the character of the individual whether such schemes are gravely entertained or dismissed, if thought of at all, with a smile—but rather on his remoteness from, or proximity to, the actual conduct of affairs. Those who either themselves have to govern, or who watch how government is and must be carried on—who know the shape which measures must assume, and the difficulties which will embarrass their operation—may be, perhaps, in danger of contracting their powers of speculation; but they are, at any rate, preserved from giving their time and thoughts to the elaboration of projects which it is perfectly impossible to realize. But a man who is away from the current of real life need only trouble himself about that which happens to interest him, and his ignorance of the daily difficulties of government makes him think very lightly of the obstacles which threaten to interpose between him and the end he seeks to accomplish. He passes a strong measure as easily as a weak one, and is never hampered by a factious opposition. There is his plan, which any one may hear who likes; and if you cannot see at once that the country will be ruined unless it adopts it, that is not his fault.

A curious instance of this tendency to invent unpractical remedies for social evils may be found in an article on Ministerial Responsibility which appears in the current number of the *Westminster Review*. The question which the writer proposes to himself is, how facility should be given for the accusation of those who

are supposed to have committed any public wrong. Impeachment is, he admits, out of date. We have outlived the days of blocks and axes, and we have neither the machinery for inflicting death on great political offenders, nor the crimes that could call for such a penalty. The Houses of Parliament are far too lenient a tribunal for any one to dread their decision who has stopped short of open rebellion, and who has lived in the society to which they belong. This is the evil—now for the remedy. The writer proposes that political wrong-doers should be tried at the assizes by a common jury. In order to appreciate the wildness of the suggestion, we must consider what are the offences that would form the ground of the indictment. Treason, sedition, conspiracy, wilful breach of a public trust, are out of the question. No one dreams that a remedy is required to suppress flagrant and indisputable crime. The offences for which a punishment is sought are of a minor grade, and a more mixed complexion. They are the blunders of honest but incapable men, the subterfuges of diplomatists, the jobs of Parliamentary corruption. The writer is especially indignant at the reasoning of Ministers whose conduct provokes inquiry, and who baffle their adversaries by a recourse to the stereotyped answers of "danger to the public service," and "correspondence still going on." How different would it be, says the writer, if public men could be examined upon oath in a court of justice, cross-examined by able counsel, made to produce the contents of pigeon-boxes and *cahiers*! How the off-hand manner which does so well in this House, the *nonchalance* which effectually puts down little people, would condescend to be serious and attentive under the well-applied stimulants of a public prosecutor!

What a pretty picture this makes, and what a pleasure there is in the thought of putting Lord Clarendon or Lord Panmure into a dock, and getting an Old Bailey barrister to torture him! Certainly, as the writer *naively* remarks, it would be very different from our existing political usages. A member of the Opposition would rise, and ask for the last despatch from France respecting Italy, or the last instruction to a general in command, and would close his question by reminding the head of the department that Croydon assizes were just coming on, and that silence would be followed by a warrant. We should like to see the rough draft of the Act by which the new remedy would be enforced. This is often an excellent test of the value of a proposed change in State affairs. Reduce it into statutory language, define the offence, devise the necessary machinery, sketch out the necessary powers. Probably the writer would allow that there are cases in which secrecy is justifiable. He would acknowledge that a Minister is not bound to communicate the plan of a coming campaign, or the terms of a proposed treaty. How would it be possible to discriminate, by Act of Parliament, the secrecy that is permissible from that which is not permissible? The writer suggests that, if the concurrence of a public prosecutor were required, this would be a sufficient safeguard against vexatious and frivolous prosecutions. But how could the public prosecutor possibly know whether secrecy ought not to be observed, unless he were acquainted with all the circumstances of the case? He would have no means of judging. The Minister represents that certain letters or minutes contain matter that ought not to be published for the present. This may be true or false, and if false, the refusal to give information may arise either from an honest mistake in judgment, or from a wish to evade censure. But the prosecutor could not form any opinion at all, unless he saw the papers. If he saw these, he would necessarily share all the secrets of the Cabinet, without sharing their responsibility.

Proposals like this are often prompted by the very natural wish to have all the good of a system without any of the bad. It is part of the system of a constitutional government that the punishment for a great many undefinable offences—some moral, others purely political—committed by statesmen, should consist in the loss of influence and reputation in Parliament and in the country. This may often be an ineffectual punishment, and one that is frequently not applied where it is deserved; but the character of the punishment is determined by the character of the English Constitution. It is a portion of a great whole. The devisers of this new remedy exultingly tell us that if, when "the feebletemporiser, the eloquent mystifier, the clever debater had been well riddled, not only as to things on the surface, but as to things beneath, it depended on the verdict of twelve plain men in a box whether or not they should be relegated to pass the rest of their days at the antipodes, then we should have something like a Ministerial responsibility." We undoubtedly should get Ministerial responsibility in this way, but we should lose the Ministers to be responsible. Who would take office with such a risk? Why should any man—we will not say any peer or rich squire—but why should any man with a reasonable prospect of earning twelve shillings a week condescend to be Prime Minister under such a law? The accusation would be sure to come at the moment when an unfavourable verdict might be most certainly expected. If the Duke of Newcastle had been tried at the Central Criminal Court early in 1855, and been well riddled, there can scarcely be a doubt that the "twelve plain men in a box" would have done with him—he would now be pacing the wilds of West Australia. We should have made him responsible, but he would have been the last duke we should have had the pleasure of victimising. A jobbing attorney would be the very highest kind of man we should get to hold a portfolio. He might think it worth while

to take his chance, and enjoy power and salary as long as he could. But it is inconceivable that any one who has much to lose—any man of education and refinement, the possessor of a comfortable estate and a handsome house—should voluntarily put himself in danger of being riddled by Sergeant Buzfuz, and then sent to the antipodes, simply because, having read certain State papers, he happens to differ as to the expediency of divulging their contents from some one who has had no opportunity of inspecting them.

There is not much danger of the plan being adopted, and it may seem a harmless and insignificant matter that such a scheme should be proposed. But all advocacy of impossible reform enfeebles the advocacy of possible reform. The article to which we have referred is well written—it shows a considerable acquaintance with history—it bears the traces of a scholarly education. The Review in which it appears is one of high standing. It cannot be said to be immaterial that such an extraordinary project should appear in pages where it is sure to command some degree of attention. We do not suppose that any single reader will be led to believe the plan practicable, but many readers may come to the conclusion that all plans of increasing Ministerial responsibility are necessarily absurd. They have a specimen before them which diverts them with its extravagance, and that is enough. The laugh that is raised by the reformer is easily turned against the wish to reform. There is, too, something interesting in the inquiry how any man could make such a proposal. Where can a politician live who proposes to try Lord Clarendon at the assizes if he does not satisfactorily explain the difficulties of Italian intervention? Is Sark enough out of the world for the man, or any part of the Hebrides? We venture to say that if, between writing and printing his article, he had walked once down Regent-street, he would have thrown the manuscript into the fire. Five minutes of London would have set him right; but we should scarcely have supposed that any degree of rustic solitude could have fostered such fancies in the brain of a man who can evidently both think and write. A reformer may at least say to himself, although he is alone at the top of Ben Nevis—"If this change is effected, what other obvious changes does it involve?" The plan proposed evidently involves the retirement from public affairs of all men belonging to the class that is highest, whether in rank, wealth, intellect, or honour. Government would be in the hands of third-rate adventurers. This is the very evil under which America is suffering so terribly at present; and it is an evil that, once introduced, is hard to eradicate. But it would be a much worse evil in England than in America. For in England there would be a class excluded from active life that does not exist in America—men of hereditary influence, great name, and vast landed possessions. Such men cannot co-exist with a democracy led by vulgar officials. One party or the other must be destroyed; and the revolution that should effect the destruction would not be made with rose-water.

THE PALACE OF ADMINISTRATION AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Public Offices is published, but not, as yet, the evidence on which it is based; and accordingly it appears in the not very voluminous form of one page and a few lines over. Till we have the evidence in our hands, we shall of course not attempt that full discussion of the question which its importance demands. Something must, however, be said in the meanwhile; and that something, to our great satisfaction, is the rare expression of unqualified approval. A magnificent *razzia*, throwing open the entire ground from St. James's Park to the Thames, from Richmond-terrace to Westminster Hall—the concentration of all the Public Offices, the Admiralty included, in the new Palace—and an unlimited competition, to which the world's architects are invited—sum up the main features of the Commons' recommendations. An expenditure at once of 2,250,000*l.* is boldly faced as the best economy in the long run; and calculations are made, not merely for the present needs of offices that already exist, but for their prospective augmentation. Nothing can be better than all this—nothing, viewed as a whole, more complete. If there is one thing more than another which adds value to the plan in our eyes, it is the fact that everything now suggested has been, some months back, recommended in our own columns. We made those recommendations because we believed them to be the best—we did not know, and we did not care to know, except in the interest of the public weal, whether there were any hope of the idea ever obtaining currency and being carried into execution. It has done the former—it is, we trust, on the high way to the latter; and we may therefore rejoice at the dawn of that better day for English Public Works which, in less promising times, we ventured to adumbrate.

How the same fountain can, at the same moment, cast up sweet water and bitter—how the same Government, within the same month, can, as influencing and backed by a committee of the House of Commons, presided over by the Commissioner of Public Works, present a scheme so grand as this, and in the other House of Parliament, in the person of the War Minister, vindicate a job so palpable and so unpopular as Marochetti's Scutari Monument—is one of those mysteries of State-craft which perplex our innocent comprehension. Two ages of public

taste, two systems, wide as the poles asunder, are respectively represented by these concurrent actions. They cannot any longer co-exist—we do not say as the discordant and inconsistent phases of one and the same Government, but even as forms of antagonistic policy. One must swallow up the other; and it requires little foresight to say which must, in the end, triumph.

By the present enterprise the Government will make for itself a European reputation in that daily-increasing and powerful class, the art-loving world. Is it worth its while to imperil such a success by a desperate adherence to the tottering cause of favouritism? It may be too late to save the Scutari Monument; but that to the Duke of Wellington is still open. We are forgetting, however, the main question in a contrast which presents itself in spite of our inclination to see things *couleur de rose*. When we receive the evidence taken by the committee, we shall discuss the matter in all its bearings. In the meanwhile, one point occurs to us in which the plan might be ameliorated, although at an additional outlay—viz., by not sparing Richmond-terrace. Taking in that really very commonplace, though neat, line of houses, would give a natural northern termination to the grand new pile and its circumscribing belt of open ground. If, however, economy interposes to save the Terrace, it will assuredly be always an eyesore—and all the more so in proportion as the new structure which it will mask is noble and colossal. We are satisfied that the public have merely to be awakened to this view to give it general ratification—as satisfied as we are that the demolition of St. Margaret's Church would not be an improvement, but a detriment and loss to the cluster of monumental structures which a few years will behold composing the British Capitol. If Montague House could be removed so as to take the residence itself away, and leave its garden to complete the isolation of the new Palace, the scheme would be nearly perfect; but this may be thought by some an extravagant demand. We do not so regard it: and we assume, of course, that Gwydyr House will fall, the offices which it lodges being provided for in the new structure. Then Whitehall Chapel needs a south *façade*. But again we forbear. In the meanwhile, we must urge those whose concern it is to listen to the warning voice of another committee, and not to press forward the reconstruction of Westminster Bridge upon the limited plan already adopted in somewhat of a hurry, consequent on a long spell of procrastination, according to the traditional rule of public offices. The new Bridge must be a magnificent structure, and part of the great scheme. There is absolutely only one question connected with it—namely, whether it shall form part of the competition for the public offices, or be offered as a second and separate prize to the world's architectural and engineering knowledge on similar terms of international amity. There are reasons for either course, but perhaps the latter will best tend to combine that union of science and art which ought to characterize the successful *Pontifex*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

IT was remarked by Charles Lamb that our ancestors were wonderfully delighted by transformations of sex on the stage, similar to those which are constantly to be met with in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays; and he wittily comments on the confusion it must have made to see a boy represent a woman playing the part of a man—a perplexity which it must have been as difficult to disentangle as some of the degrees of relationship occurring in the page formerly inserted at the end of the Prayer-book. We have discarded these complicated metamorphoses from our modern dramas, and an incident such as that of a stage-manager making an apology to Charles II. for keeping his Majesty waiting because "the Queen was shaving," could scarcely occur now-a-days. But although we no longer see women's parts performed by men—a practice which led both the writers of plays and the public to form a coarse idea of the female character—we still find women playing the parts of men, and become famous for their masculine impersonations. In fact, woman being more imitative than man, it need not be matter of surprise that she should be more accurate and more discriminating in her delineations. But in order to save us from being tormented by a disagreeable sense of the incongruity between their real and assumed characters—in order also that they may not seem mere miniature copies of the originals they have to portray—it is necessary that women should come nearer than they generally do to the standard of masculine height, as well as breadth of form, and angularity of movement.

It appears to us that one great reason of Mademoiselle Wagner's success (putting her vocal powers for the moment out of the question) in the characters of Romeo and Tancred, may be traced in no small degree to her possession of the characteristics just mentioned. Taller than the average of her sex, her stature is not dwarfed by comparison with the ordinary run of men; while her commanding figure and her well-developed and *prononcé* features, all tend to keep up the illusion that we have really a youthful hero before us. There is not so much scope, however, in the opera of *Tancredi* as in that of *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti* for the display of variety of sentiment and passion, nor is there anything in the plot to enlist in its behalf the interest of the audience—so that, in assuming the character of Tancred, Mademoiselle Wagner had far greater difficulties to surmount than when she appeared before us as the

sensitive, passionate, and despairing Romeo. On the other hand, the music of the opera is so beautiful and brilliant, that when the principal part is as admirably filled as it was by Mademoiselle Wagner on Tuesday evening, it cannot fail to give pleasure, even to audiences as fastidious as those of the present day usually are.

It is now upwards of forty years since Rossini's *Tancredi*, which was even at that early period his ninth dramatic work, was written to celebrate the carnival season at Venice. The youthful composer had then scarcely attained his twenty-first year; and this circumstance, added to the beauty and originality of the work, thoroughly Italian as it was in feeling and colour, created such an enthusiasm in its favour as has rarely been equalled in the annals of the musical world. Four years after its *début* at Venice, the opera was performed in London, Madame Bellocchi taking the part of Tancred. The name of this lady, for whom Rossini composed his *Gazza Ladra*, will doubtless be an unfamiliar sound to the majority of the present generation, to whom the recollection of Pasta herself is rapidly becoming a tradition, for it is now thirty years since she first appeared as Tancred, and by her performance achieved a brilliant success. We are old enough, however, to remember the impersonations of the same character successively undertaken by Mesdames Malibran, Viardot, and Alboni, who was the last to illustrate it in 1848. Since that time, the opera has lain fallow, though its various melodies, sung over and over again at musical meetings and in concert-rooms, have helped to keep its memory alive among us; and its revival could not fail therefore to excite pleasant anticipations on the part of the public frequenting Her Majesty's Theatre.

The circumstance of nearly all the characters being undertaken by Germans rather militated against their success in a species of vocalization which is alien, in most of its characteristics, to that which distinguishes the severer German school. Much practice will necessarily have to be gone through, much energy to be brought to bear upon the work, and much patience to be exercised, before either Mademoiselle Jenny Bauer or Herr Reichardt will attain the fluency of execution, and the delicacy, clearness, and certainty of attack which are indispensable to the performance of such passages as those with which almost every aria in the opera abounds. Even then, we question whether the vocal powers of either of these excellent and painstaking singers will enable them satisfactorily to surmount difficulties so great and varied. Even Mademoiselle Wagner herself is not so excellent or so much at her ease in the lighter and more delicate parts of the music as in those which are susceptible of a larger, broader, and, so to speak, more statuesque style of treatment. We could scarcely have wished or expected that this should be otherwise—so essentially German is this distinguished artist, both in her acting and singing; and it may be doubted whether the vocal qualities in which she is now deficient, are compatible with those which constitute her especial claim to our admiration, and by means of which she has achieved so signal a success. As a necessary deduction from what we have stated, her delivery of the accompanied recitative, "O patria dolce ed ingrata," was far more effective than "Di tanti palpiti;" but her most brilliant and striking performance was her duet with Argirio, "Se del mali miei." The numerous audience—which, throughout the opera, in season and out of season, never seemed weary of applauding—rapturously endorsed this air, and at its conclusion, a loud and general call was raised for the singers who had afforded them so much pleasure. We have on a former occasion spoken so fully of Mademoiselle Wagner's style of acting that we need only say now that her performance of Tancred fully equalled her impersonation of Romeo. Her attitudes, carefully studied as they unquestionably were, were always dignified and appropriate; and when she threw down her gauntlet to Orbazzano, her gesture, and the look of defiance with which it was accompanied, would have formed a study for an artist or a sculptor. But why, we would inquire, does she generally choose such an unbecoming costume? Why should Tancred resemble a character at a third-rate *bal masqué*, instead of a noble knight of Syracuse, attired in the real costume of the times? That costume was certainly something different from the blue brocaded silk tunic over a coat of mail—which far more nearly resembled fishes' scales than steel armour—the ponderous helmet adorned or disfigured by an eagle with outspread wings, and the cashmere mantle, in which he now appears before us.

It would not be fair to criticise the subordinate characters on the occasion of a first performance of the opera. We will therefore only say that M. Bouché had apparently studied the part of Orbazzano with care; and we have no doubt that, after a little more drilling and study, the choruses will prove more effective and more at home than they were on Tuesday evening.

The opera was followed by the new and brilliant ballet of *The Corsair*, which the audience sat out apparently much to their satisfaction. The plot is by this time so well known that we need not enter upon a description of it; but we would gladly add our meed of praise to the plaudits already bestowed upon Madame Rosati for the beauty of her dancing, the grace and sprightliness of her movements, and the eloquent significance of her attitudes; whilst, in common with all who have seen her, we would express our admiration and wonder at the marvellous *pas* to which she introduces us, and which are as remarkable for their elegance as for their difficulty of execution.

REVIEWS.

FRENCHMEN OF DIVERS ESTATES.*

THE work before us—one of the most remarkable monuments of research which the world has ever seen—is enough to give a reviewer the nightmare. So Protean is its conformation that it is difficult to know where to lay hold of it. It unites the industry of the German with the dramatic power and sprightliness of style which are the peculiar gifts of the Frenchman. There are few subjects so dull but it enlivens them—few so intricate but it unravels them—few so unfathomable but it exhausts them. It is not a history of France; and yet, for the period embraced, there is scarcely a fact in that history which it does not contain. It is not a work of fiction, and yet not one of the personages introduced ever said what is attributed to him. When we look at the table of contents, the figures in a kaleidoscope are not more varied—when we peruse the book itself, the diagrams in Euclid are not more precise. How it ever came to be conceived, is singular—how it was ever executed, is miraculous. The fourteenth century, the age of feudalism—the fifteenth, the age of independence—the sixteenth, the age of the theology—the seventeenth, the age of literature and art—the eighteenth, the age of reforms—each and all of these pass before our eyes in succession. And in each of them, all classes of men, from the pauper upwards, recount, on the one hand, the daily incidents of their daily life, and, on the other, those more stirring events which are ordinarily noised abroad through the trumpet of history proper. The point of view from which the book is written seems to be this—that the court, the camp, the council, are not the only arenas on which the destinies of a great nation are fashioned and fulfilled—that the feelings which agitate, and the fortunes which befall the humblest households, open out fields of inquiry which cannot be overlooked with impunity by any one who would gain an insight into the secret springs of those great movements by which nations are convulsed, and monarchs dethroned. M. Monteil's position as an historian may be compared to that which Boswell occupies in biography. Repudiating the dull pomposity of Alison, and the painfully correct narration of Sismondi, he sets himself to watch those under-currents of society which are the real cause of much of the tossing which disturbs the vessel of the State. A history which takes account only of those persons who wear a helmet, a mitre, or a crown, as little deserves to be called the history of a nation as a few chapters on rubies and diamonds could be said to comprise the natural history of minerals, or a description of the oak and the cedar, that of plants. It was only by ferreting out the habits of thought and of life which pervaded every class of society, from the highest to the lowest—and even more the latter than the former—that M. Monteil believed he could form for himself any adequate idea of what really constituted the vitality of the nation at any particular period of its history. Those who wish to examine more at length the arguments made use of by the author to support his charges against history as it is, and to make good his theory of history as it ought to be, would do well to read two passages (vol. iii. p. 298; iv. p. 329), where he endeavours to show how much is ordinarily sacrificed to what is called the dignity of history. We are reminded, in reading them, of the tradition quoted by Mr. Macaulay when advocating similar views, and which tells how a window at Lincoln Cathedral, constructed by an apprentice out of fragments of glass which his master had rejected with disdain, far surpassed all the other windows in the building. It was in the diligent collection of such fragments that Monteil spent his life; and we shall now proceed to give some idea of the use he made of them, in order that the reader may judge whether the historical gleaner deserves the same encomium as the Lincoln glazier.

When we open the first volume—which treats of the fourteenth century—we are somewhat put out by finding it headed, "Les Epîtres du Frère Jehan, cordelier de Tours, au Frère André, cordelier de Toulouse." But herein lies the great charm of the work before us—that M. Monteil has succeeded in clothing his facts in forms so attractive and so varied that the most indolent of readers is kept from yawning; and the most laborious student finds that matters which his experience tells him are ordinarily the subject of dry disquisition, are here a source of entertainment to an extent which writers of novels seldom compass, with all their ingenious complications of murder and matrimony. When we have got through the hundred and five letters of which this volume is composed, so great is the freshness, the fullness, and, above all, the naturalness of what flows from the writer's pen that although four centuries separate us from the age in which he lived, we become thoroughly impregnated with a notion of his individuality, and are disposed to number old Friar John amongst our most familiar friends. If ever, in a carping, matter-of-fact mood, we feel ready to contest the accuracy or probability of any of the statements given, the notes appended to each epistle speedily allay our misgivings, and bear witness to the amazing industry with which the author had ransacked books and cartularies, medals, manuscripts, and muniments

of every sort, in order to give us photographic pictures of every class in society. Take, for example, the eleventh letter, in which Friar John commits to paper the *souvenirs* of a visit to Paris. With what marvellous wit he is made to group together phase after phase of Paris life in the fourteenth century, till the whole city stands out before us a mighty maze, yet not without a plan! Or turn to the next, which contains a host of decisions on cases of conscience which one Dalmaze had submitted for approval to Frère Jehan, and *vice versa*—what an insight does it not give into the feeble flickerings of that moral and intellectual light which illumined the darkness of an age of superstition! Eighteen of the letters in succession (18—36) are dated from the Château de Montbason, and contain graphic sketches of the interior of seigneurial halls, and the flagrant exactions of seigneurial privileges. The reader desirous of knowing something about the distinction and prevalence of the *Langue d'Oc* and the *Langue d'Oïl*, has but to listen to the after-dinner conversation of the provincial chapter of Aquitaine, and to read the impressions which it left on the mind of Friar John. If any one wishes to learn how agriculture thrived, what were its implements, its produce, and its prices, let him turn to the forty-second letter, which might vie with the *Mark Lane Gazette* in everything but dullness. It would be hopeless for us, however, to attempt to give any idea of the rich multiplicity of topics on which these letters treat. The reader need but run his eye over the index of headings, to be convinced that he could not easily mention any department of life, or any order of facts, to which the worthy friar has given the go-bye. The whole, however, is brought in so incidentally, and, as it were, so undesignedly—hence the extreme naturalness of the style—that it defies analysis.

The second volume, on the fifteenth century, is on a different plan. The arrangement is a wise one. For, grieved as we are to part company with Frère Jehan, the epistolary form might in the end have palled—to say nothing of the violence done to truth by extending the correspondence of one individual over the time allotted to human life. We shall best explain the machinery now employed by quoting the opening words of the volume:—

In the large room of the Hôtel de Ville at Troyes, where the mayor and *échevins*, and a large number of other persons meet several times a week, the following question arose to-day:—"Which of the various conditions of men is the most wretched?" One can easily imagine what a hubbub it created among our good Champenois; every one began to bawl and complain; it was a confusion of tongues, which there was no putting a stop to. At length it was agreed that on this and the following evenings, each in turn should recount the cares and grievances of his condition; and when every one had had his say, the meeting should decide who was the most wretched.

The reader will readily understand how admirably this plan is adapted for the end which Monteil had proposed to himself, of portraying the conditions of "divers estates" of Frenchmen, at different periods of their history. The beggar and the husbandman, the courier and the comedian, the financier and the *bourgeois*, the courtier, the artisan, the noble, the churchman and the champion (one of the last of a once flourishing craft), the merchant and the innkeeper, the valet and the lawyer, with upwards of a dozen other grades and avocations, are here presented to our notice with wonderful fullness of detail and vivacity of description. Invert the proportion of the historical and the fictitious elements in Sir Walter Scott's novels, and the result will give a very tolerable notion of the dramatic power which M. Monteil has exercised in the composition of these volumes. The marvel is, how he has succeeded in hitting off the peculiar characteristics of thought and expression which belong to the various professions which come across his path. We seem to become personally acquainted with each of their representatives. They are not merely abstract types, but, while they minister to the general effect of the historical picture of the nation, they are themselves strongly-marked individualities, full of character and life. As in the first volume, copious notes refer the reader to the original sources from which each statement derives its corroboration.

In the third volume, a Spaniard takes up the tale, and recounts in succession all that struck his observation in the habits and institutions of France during a protracted residence in that country, at the period to which this volume is devoted—the sixteenth century. As an instance of the untiring ingenuity which M. Monteil shows in devising expedients for enhancing the naturalness of his dramatic effects, we may mention that the Spaniard is represented as picking up an engraving, called the "Colloque de Poissy," while rambling about Lyons. With a few masterly touches he contrives, in a description of the engraving, to give us a most vivid picture of that famous theological synod—a picture which all the ponderous tomes of ecclesiastical history on the same subject might perhaps mar, but would certainly not mend.

The seventeenth century is discussed in a series of memoirs. The memoirist is tutor, or *gouverneur*, in a private family. As before, we feel totally unable to give the reader any idea of the extraordinary variety of interesting information which this volume contains. The titles of the chapters do not always afford a very accurate notion of their contents. One of them, for example, headed the "Chimney-sweep," enters into a very thoughtful and able appreciation of the Poussins, the Lesueurs, and the Lebruns, who adorned the French school of painting during the seventeenth century. It might be supposed that a chimney-sweep's knowledge of colours was, in a great degree, limited to one. Those who are anxious to ascertain how it was that Maître Bertaud became so distinguished a connoisseur, would do well to peruse

* *Histoire des Français des divers Etats, ou Histoire de France aux cinq derniers siècles.* Par A. A. Monteil. 4^{ème} édition. Paris: Hachette. 1853. 5 vols.

the chapter to which we refer, (p. 120). So again, the "Garde Malade" contains a whimsical collection of pathological notes on Love, Vanity, Fear, Grief, Envy, and the like—maladies on which nurses are not commonly garrulous. All the anecdotes which illustrate their fatal effects are taken from authentic sources, and help to complete the picture of the period under discussion.

The fifth and concluding volume, on the eighteenth century, is inferior in interest and value to its predecessors. The absence of notes and references deprives it of that *prima facie* guarantee of rigid historical exactitude which so greatly enhances the value of the earlier volumes. M. Monteil's reason for withholding these notes is, that great part of his evidence respecting the eighteenth century is derived from oral, not written sources. Born in the year 1769, he had been enabled to enjoy the society of men who had been nearly coeval with the century, and who could both recount what they had themselves seen and heard, and recal what their fathers had told them. In keeping with this idea is the form in which the facts are conveyed. Three friends agree to meet every ten days, or oftener if expedient—each meeting to be styled a decade—and to throw all the light they can upon the history and the usages of their country. Agriculture, arts, commerce—such, in a general way, is the order which they adopt in the treatment of subjects. The farmer, the labourer, and the mechanic are frequently placed in the foreground of the picture, whereas in most histories such obscure personages are not worthy of being seen at all. For in this, as in all the preceding volumes, M. Monteil's governing principle is to call the attention of the world, not so much to the summit as to the base of the social pyramid. When we add that a complete analytical index to the whole work crowns the concluding volume, and enables the reader at once to refer for information on any particular point, we have done all that we can to give a general idea of the purport and contents of the *Histoire des Français des Divers États*.

But what of the author? Mr. Ruskin speaks somewhere of the way in which we neglect the living to pour our flattery into the ear of Death, which neither demands our praise nor needs our gratitude. A stronger instance of this cold-heartedness could scarcely be found than in the case of Amans Alexis Monteil. For upwards of forty years of a career of struggle and vicissitude, this man toiled with an industry which the united efforts of a learned body have seldom surpassed, and with a unity of purpose, a freshness of conception, and a vigour of imagination which no Septuagint could ever equal. The result of his labours is a work which, with a too tardy homage, has twice been crowned by the Academy—which has forced its way slowly and surely into a fourth edition, and finally taken its place among those immortal monuments of sterling erudition and well-directed industry which are the treasure of the student and the terror of the sciolist. And yet, for a long time, this prodigy of patient industry and learning lived obscurely in a garret, and at last went obscurely to his grave. When the son who shared and lightened his labours was suddenly torn from him by death, his corpse was thrown into the common fosse which usage made the receptacle of paupers. The needy parent, who had not the wherewithal to give his boy a decent burial, besought for a few feet of earth, and backed the request by saying, *It is Monteil who asks*; but the chief magistrate of Paris eyed him with a vacant stare, as if he did not know who Monteil was! Had he spent the midnight oil in constructing the plot of some impure novel—had he truckled to patronage and popularity at the cost of his integrity—ease and affluence might have been his portion, and his works might have become the rage of circulating libraries. But it came to pass as he had foretold—the seed which, with clean hands, he cast into the ground, came up but to decorate his grave.

We have purposely abstained from giving more than a general idea of the fortunes of this extraordinary man, because we are anxious not to pilfer all the cream from the very touching biographical notice, by Jules Janin, which is prefixed to the fourth edition, and to this alone. To that notice we refer the reader; and we may add that the very moderate price of the work, as now issued, places it within the range of a larger public than was the case with former and more sumptuous editions. For some fifteen shillings, any one may now have by his side one of the most graphic and entertaining historical works of which any language or country can boast.

FIRST FOOTSTEPS IN EAST AFRICA.*

WE have books enough, and to spare, both about Africa and the East, but we have very few books by Africanized or Orientalized Englishmen. In Mr. Burton's case, it is hard to say where the barbarian ends or where the civilized European begins; and this double character would give piquancy to his writings even if his travels had lain over often-trodden ground. His pages are filled with the proverbs and sayings in which the wisdom of the children of the Prophet is expressed; while here and there sentiments and ideas "crop out," which show an underworld of thought and feeling disagreeable in itself, but as curious a subject of contemplation as the notions of that long-past age of which philosophers

tell us, when "morality had not yet made itself conscious to the minds of men." Mr. Burton's claims upon our attention do not, however, end here, for his love of adventure has led him into a very curious and little-known country. He describes it carefully and pleasantly—at times there is even a dash of poetry in his style.

The coast immediately opposite to Aden is inhabited by the Somal—a half-caste tribe, partly African, partly Asiatic—which professes the Mahometan faith. Mr. Burton, on his return from Arabia, in the spring of 1854, proposed to the Bombay Government to undertake an expedition into their country, and to penetrate to Zanzibar, *via* Harar, a city which, up to that time, had never been visited by Europeans. Circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary to modify this plan, and he eventually determined to make a visit to Harar the principal object of his journey. The country, however, which lies between that place and the coast—the land of the Somal—was, before Mr. Burton's expedition, known to Christendom only from the vague reports of native travellers, and the greater part of the volume now before us is devoted to describing it.

On Sunday, the 29th of October, 1854, Mr. Burton, disguised as a Moslem merchant, but full of indomitable English courage, sailed down the "fiery harbour" of Aden—repeating, as he reached the open sea, a prayer in honour of the saint to whom Allah gave the power of looking on the earth as though it were a ball in his hand, and of inventing the mariner's compass. At once, every trace of civilization fell from his companions "as if it had been a garment." Every one immediately received a nickname, and the evening passed in noisy merriment, with love-songs, rain-songs, sea-songs, and war-songs, none of which would bear translation. Mr. Burton gives an amusing sketch of his suite. There was the managing man, a sergeant of the Aden police, who had early run away from his tribe, and been "knocking about" for fifteen or twenty years. This personage, who is called throughout the book, "El Hammal," the porter, was full of invention and intrigue, an excellent mimic, and, if he had had the power of concealing his thoughts, might have "passed for a knowing fellow." The second, "Long Guled," was a lank, straight skeleton, brave from want of reflection, but weak in body. The third, like both the others, a Somal by nation, bore the *sobriquet* of the "End of Time," from his "smattering of learning and his prodigious rascality." For the benefit of Christian readers, Mr. Burton mentions in a note, that a Mahometan prophecy foretels the corruption of the learned—that is, of the priesthood—in the last days.

The morning sun showed the two promontories at the mouth of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, "the giant staples of the Gate under the Pleiades," and soon the African coast appeared, a "glaring flat of yellow sand, desert and heat-reeking, a meet habitat for savages." An awning was rigged out, and the travellers sat in the shade, smoking. "Some of the crew tried praying," but El Islam was not meant for a nation of sailors. At last the "big red sun sank behind a curtain of sky-blue rock," to rise next morning upon the vessel entering the Creek of Zayla:—

Zayla is the normal African port—a strip of sulphur-yellow sand, with a deep blue dome above, and a foreground of the darkest indigo. The buildings, raised by refraction, rose high, and apparently from the bosom of the deep. After hearing the worst accounts of it, I was pleasantly disappointed by the spectacle of white-washed houses and minarets, peering above a long low line of brown wall, flanked with round towers.

The town is about the size of Suez, built for 3000 or 4000 inhabitants, and contains about a dozen large white-washed stone houses, and upwards of 200 thatched huts. It lies south-west of Aden, and nearly due south of the entrance to the Red Sea, upon a long spit of sand, which high tides make almost an island. There is no harbour, and the roadstead is terribly exposed. The shape of the town is a tolerably regular parallelogram. It is walled, but there are in the walls neither guns nor embrasures. The climate is cooler and less unhealthy than that of Aden. There is now but little trade. Provisions are cheap, and a family of six persons can live for 30*l.* per annum. Here the pilgrim of Mecca was once more at home. "Again," he says, "the melodious chant of the Muezzin—no evening bell can compare with it for solemnity and beauty—and in the neighbouring mosque the loudly intoned 'Amin,' and 'Allaho Akbar'—far superior to any organ, rang in my ear." At this place the expedition was detained twenty-six days, and the whole of the second chapter is devoted to describing life in Zayla. We must pass it by, for its beauty lies in its detail; but we have never read so striking a picture of a life utterly unlike anything which comes under the observation of one cultivated European among thirty thousand. Mr. Burton made several excursions round Zayla. One of these was to the island of Saad el Din, a sort of Somali Lido, tenanted by fishing hawks and other sea-birds, and containing an abandoned cemetery, girt with underwood "crying fever" and "smelling death." Another was to the Hissi, or well, some way from the city, where the barbarous Eesa gathered with their camels, scowling fiercely at the traveller and his guards.

After many dreary days, an Abban, or protector, was at last procured, in the person of one Raghe, a petty Eesa chief, who engaged to act as escort across the plain of Zayla. On the morning of the 27th November the camels were loaded, with the usual preliminaries of kneeling, growling, grunting, and biting. When all was ready, the *cortège* started, accompanied a little way by the chief people of Zayla. Salutes were soon exchanged,

* *First Footsteps in East Africa*; or, *an Exploration of Harar*. By Richard F. Burton, Bombay Army, Author of "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah." London: Longmans. 1856.

farewells were said, and the caravan entered on the "hard, stoneless, and alluvial plain, here dry, there muddy (where the tide reaches), and bristling with the salsolaceous vegetation familiar to the Arab voyager." The heat even at this, the cold season, was frightful. Early in the afternoon, the Abban halted, and prayed a little for the first and last time on the journey. The air at night was cool; the surf tumbled on the shore; the jackal howled; and Mr. Burton felt himself "predisposed to sweet sleep." The next morning's journey lay over stiff yellow grass, like "stubble in an English September;" and, ere long, the sun rose on a "Somali Arcadia, whose sole flaws were salt water and simoom." The explorers were now in the midst of the Eesa, some of whom Mr. Burton not a little astonished by his skill as a marksman. Here and there they came to a *fumara*, shaded with graceful tamarisks, acacias, and snake-shaped creepers—the dry beds were bright with gold-coloured mica, and set with islets of luxuriant trees. After following the sea-coast for some distance, they struck inland, travelling by night, and in wholesome fear of serpents. Mr. Burton's Somali companions were very feeble—an English boy of fourteen would have been stronger than the sturdiest of them. Gradually the blue hills on the west became brown, and at last they left behind them the dangerous desert, which is constantly traversed by plundering parties, sometimes two hundred strong, and reached the broken ground at the foot of the mountains. In spite of many predictions of *absi*, or danger, which is as common a word in the mouths of these barbarians as *paura* among Sicilian sailors, they advanced westward. Leaving the Eesa, whom Mr. Burton describes as "kind and fickle, good-humoured and irascible, warm-hearted, and infamous for cruelty and treachery"—a strange enough assemblage of qualities—the travellers entered the Ghauts, which form the outwork of the Ethiopian highlands. Their aspect is remarkable, for the heavy rains of the monsoon wash away the vegetable soil and leave the rock exposed, glaring with brilliant colour. The heights are mostly conoid, with rounded tops, and are joined to each other by saddlebacks, and clothed with grey-green acacias. In the precipitous ravines, which are numerous, the yellow-berried jujube, and a kind of creeper with fleshy leaves, grow luxuriantly, and many species of birds flit amongst the foliage. The senna plant is found wild, and aloes and euphorbias stud the landscape. The nests of the white ant are a curious and characteristic feature of this country—tall conical erections of sand and mud, to be counted by thousands. The nomad inhabitants leave the hills in the cold weather, and return when the heat sets in. Collecting news seems to be their chief pleasure. Mr. Burton found the history of the Russian war quite familiar to them, and heard at Harar of a storm which had damaged some vessels in Bombay harbour only a few weeks before.

The travellers pushed inland, over the Ghauts, suffering a good deal at night from the cold, and not cheered by the growling of lions in their immediate neighbourhood. The king of beasts is, however, not feared so much in this country as the agile leopard. The people say that a lion will not attack a single traveller, for "such a person slew the mother of all the lions." The tribe to whom the outermost hill-region of this part of Africa belongs is that of the Gudabirsi. They are turbulent and unmanageable, but not so bloodthirsty as the Eesa. They are, however, great liars, inveterate thieves, and importunate beggars. Their wealth consists in cattle, peltries, hides, gums, and ghee. The traffic with the coast would be considerable if the roads were safe. Coarse cotton cloth, Surat tobacco, beads, and indigo-dyed stuffs for the head-dresses of the women might be with advantage imported. A good breed of horses also would be much prized. Unfortunately, however, a fine horse, if taken into this country, would be infallibly stolen.

Passing from the domains of the Gudabirsi, Mr. Burton entered on a debateable land, where various tribes meet to plunder the unlucky traveller. Soon he reached the Barr, or Prairie of Marar, one of the long strips of plain which diversify this country. Its breadth is twenty-seven miles. The soil is rich, but uncultivated, pierced by the burrows of "small beasts," and covered with tall, waving, sunburnt grass, looking like yellow velvet. In the evening, the glaring yellow of the prairie was exchanged for a golden hue, mantled with a purple flush, and "inexpressibly lovely." At night, the smaller wild animals began to appear, and the jackal gave warning of the neighbourhood of his royal friend. Suddenly Mr. Burton's mule showed signs of terror—a huge creature appeared through the darkness, following with quick, stealthy strides. A shot frightened him, "Lion! Lion!" shouted one of the attendants, and nothing else was talked of for some hours. "The ghostly western hills seemed to recede as they advanced over the endless rolling plain." Next morning, they arrived at the skirt of the prairie. Presently the scene changed. Before them lay the second line of the Ethiopian highlands—high and jagged hills arose, dark with teak and pine; and beneath, lay a deep valley, "full of shining waters." The fields were divided by flowering hedges, with lanes between, and the nomad villages were replaced by the bell-shaped huts of Central Africa. They moved on over hills where the air blew cold, and where, it is said, ice is sometimes seen. In the distance lay masses of purple peak and blue lines of table land. Sweet wild roses shook out perfume; and the whole scene recalled "the neighbourhood of Tuscan Sienna." The explorers were now in the country, and under the protection of the Gerad Adan—prince of

a tribe of settled Somal. He was connected by marriage with the Amir of Harar, but was not on the best possible terms with him. After rounding the northern flank of a mountain, the woodland scenery along whose sides reminded Mr. Burton of Touraine, the tired travellers saw far over a series of blue valleys, "a dark speck upon a yellow sheet of stubble," the perilous goal of their pilgrimage—sealed Harar.

How it fared with Mr. Burton, when, taking his life in his hand, he entered "the Eastern Timbuctoo"—how he returned in safety to Aden—how his second expedition began, and how tragically it ended, we hope to tell our readers on a future day.

THE SUBALPINE KINGDOM.

Second Notice.

A WRITER may be absurdly prejudiced, and may be so determined to see things in a wrong light, as to be blind to the many traits in his narrative which show how much its general character has been distorted—and yet his book may be very well worth reading. Provided he is tolerably honest—provided, that is, that he does not write simply to make a book or serve a purpose, but to give the results of personal observation—he is sure to deserve some degree of attention, if the subject he selects is one in itself interesting. We dare say that Mr. St. John has done his best to arrive at a true conception of the condition and prospects of Sardinia; and Sardinia is in every way a country of which we wish to know all we can. We are induced, therefore, to dwell longer on this book than is at all warranted either by the merits of its literary execution, or the value of its political criticisms. It is also, unfortunately, the only book on the subject; and we should be sorry to think that any great number of English readers accepted its conclusions, which, having no other authority to guide them, they might be inclined to do, if they omitted to notice how very slight are the grounds on which the Sardinian Government is attacked.

In nothing, perhaps, is Mr. St. John more vague and contradictory than in his account of the present King, and of the Prime Minister, Count Cavour. He has a vulgar and ludicrous horror of crowned heads in general, which prevents his doing justice to Victor Emmanuel. He tells us that in the campaign of 1848, the king, then the Duke of Savoy, behaved very well—"as well as can be expected in a prince." In another passage, he tells us that the Duke of Savoy honestly did his duty as a soldier, and was distinguished for personal bravery. What is meant by saying that he behaved as well as can be expected in a prince? He behaved as well as a man in any rank could have done. The sneer about his bravery as a prince is wholly uncalled for and gratuitous. At every page we come upon such expressions, and the very worst interpretation is put on all the actions of the King. Mr. St. John states, that before he came to the crown, the King was strongly opposed to the revolution and the liberal party; but he admits that, finding himself committed to a constitution, he honestly accepted and faithfully fulfilled the conditions under which he came to power. Mr. St. John attempts to do away with the good impression which this avowal might produce, partly by attributing the conduct of the King to a selfish calculation that at the moment honesty was the best policy, and partly by describing the King's character as that of a stupid irresolute man, who was only too glad to have any point decided for him. Two stories are told, intended to illustrate the Sovereign's perfidy—one of a scheme projected by him during his father's lifetime for a rising of the garrison of Alessandria in favour of Austria—and the other of his having, just before the battle of Novara, held communication with Republican agents, when they were residing in the house of a friend of the old *régime*. There is not a shadow of proof given for either statement; and Mr. St. John acknowledges that when he proceeded to "inquire the meaning of these facts," his informants coldly refused to satisfy his curiosity. Another ground of abuse is the proclamation of Moncalieri, issued by Victor Emmanuel, in 1849. The King addressed this proclamation to the Chamber of Deputies and the electoral body. He complained that all the measures of the Crown met with a determined opposition; he acknowledged that the conduct of the Chamber was strictly legal, but reminded its members that he himself had always abided strictly and honourably by his oath—"thus," as Mr. St. John charitably puts it, "giving the cue to the cant of his reign"—and had never given the slightest reason to suppose he was inimical to the Constitution; and he concluded by warning his subjects that, unless the Sovereign and the representative body worked together, the whole order of things which it had cost so much to establish was in the most serious danger. We do not know whether the proclamation contained anything not included in the abstract given in these volumes; but if it did not, it appears to have been a sensible and creditable document. If readers will but cut out Mr. St. John's running comment of vituperation, and look solely to the facts he adduces, they will think much better of Sardinia and its sovereign than he does. He states that Victor Emmanuel is spoken of with enthusiastic respect in all classes of Piedmontese society—we need not mind his accounting for this by its being the traditional manner of speaking, and by the influence of officials. He states that the King has firmly opposed the Jesuits and the clerical party—we need not mind his balancing this by insinuations of the King's superstition and anxiety to be reconciled to Rome. He states, that the King has adhered to the

Constitution—we dismiss as impertinent his comment, that this proceeds from the Sovereign perceiving that “the pleasure of corrupting men is even more refined than that of killing them.”

We have still more reason to object to the account given of Count Cavour. The Prime Minister of Sardinia is the son of a man of ancient but poor family, who made his fortune by his adhesion to the Bonapartist Government. He was also employed, though in a subordinate capacity, after the restoration of the Royal Family. His son, born in 1810, early assisted his father in the speculations in cattle and grain, which have now made the Prime Minister the richest man in Sardinia. He travelled in Switzerland and France, and made a long stay in England, where he assiduously attended the sittings of the English Parliament, and especially studied the speeches and political conduct of Sir Robert Peel. Previously to the first signs being given of the Revolution of 1848, he appears to have acted with the high Conservative party, but was one of the earliest to appreciate the new direction in which the current of affairs was setting. He started a liberal paper, called the *Risorgimento*, but opposed the war with Austria. A few days before the battle of Novara the paper changed its tone, and urged a strong persistence in the war. The interpretation of this change adopted by Mr. St. John is, that “he wished to serve the aristocratic party, by pushing forward the army to almost inevitable defeat, and to make all safe in case of an unexpected turn in favour of Democracy.” Since the battle of Novara, Count Cavour has been the most active agent in the formation of the Moderate party, which now supports him in power. Mr. St. John is most bitter in his criticism of Count Cavour’s character and conduct, accusing him of a slavish admiration of the Emperor of the French, and of a wish to sacrifice Italy to the dynastic pretensions of Piedmont, and speaking of him as a man much overrated. Again, we must ask the reader to look from words to facts. There are three tests of a statesman’s ability—his speeches, his official documents, and his political conduct. Mr. St. John tells us that Count Cavour is a far better speaker than any one else in the Chamber of Deputies, excepting, perhaps, Lorenzo Valerio. His memorial on Italian intervention was, at any rate, characterized by remarkable breadth and power, whatever fault an extreme Republican might find with its contents; and his political conduct has surely had the merit of success. The future of Italy is dark, but that Sardinia is at this moment as much above the other Italian States as Prussia is above the minor States of Germany, is as clear as daylight. The policy of Count Cavour—a policy made possible by his having to deal with an honest king and a people capable of self-restraint—has effected this.

The chief opposition to the Government comes from the Liberal party, headed by Brofferio and Lorenzo Valerio. The former is a Republican, and has attained political influence by means almost incomprehensible in a northern country and under an old constitution. He has been a farce-writer, a penny satirist, and an Old Bailey lawyer; but his character seems to have force and honesty in it, and Mr. St. John says that the late King used to ask his advice privately in difficult circumstances. Valerio is the virtual leader of the party; but the party seeks rather to watch than to oppose the Minister, and has, apparently, no wish to drive him from office. Valerio, as we before mentioned, was the author of the only serious attempts at an independent press prior to the Revolution. He is deputy for Lastaggio; and we are told that his constituents recently presented him with a silver statue of Dante, in testimony of their admiration of his conduct in caring for Piedmont and Italy, and not solely for their local affairs—a story which may be quoted to the credit of the constituents, as well as of the representative. Valerio possesses great weight and influence; and we are pleased to find that he entirely dissents from Mr. St. John’s views, as far as that gentleman can be said to have any views further than a general hatred of whatever is hated by the purple-tinted democrats of Paris. The leader of the Sardinian Liberals thinks it wise to support the Sardinian monarchy—he does not believe that his country is going through a gigantic hoax, and he is anxious in every way to carry out the principles of the existing constitution. His chief task is to give the note of warning if the Government makes a mistake that threatens to have serious consequences. Mr. St. John gives an instance where such a warning was certainly needed, if the facts are correctly given. A vacancy recently occurred in the representation of a small place in the Island of Sardinia, and the Government informed the electors that if they wished any roads made, or other public works executed, they must return a supporter of the Ministry. Count Cavour is also opposed by the Reactionists, who bear the name of *Codini*, from the pig-tails worn by the first adherents of the Restoration, in imitation of the ante-revolutionary fashion of France. But this opposition, except on Church matters, is not very serious. Perhaps the financial difficulties of the country may give rise to measures which may make the opposition warmer. The chief tax is now one on professions and trades, and the landed nobility are thus, it is said, taxed disproportionately low. If this is true, it is a very serious matter, for it was this unequal taxation that was the primary cause of the French Revolution, and it will have to be swept away sooner or later. If the revenue is to be increased, the struggle may come very soon. The Government is supported by a large portion of the middle classes, the inhabitants of Piedmont proper, the official circles, and the Lombard emigrants.

The adhesion of these emigrants may perhaps throw some light on what is, undoubtedly, one of the greatest difficulties which would follow the expulsion of the Austrians from the Peninsula. The inhabitants of Lombardy generally, and those of Milan in particular, are said to be very unwilling to become the subjects of a Piedmontese sovereign, while the Piedmontese would deeply resent the change, if the seat of government were removed from Turin. In 1848 the Milanese wished to defer the settlement of this question until the victory was complete, but Charles Albert insisted on having immediately the reward of his assistance, and he was accepted as king by the Lombards; but the Piedmontese complained that the allegiance of his new subjects was not very firm, and that the efforts of the Milanese from that time visibly relaxed. We cannot pretend to say how far this difficulty may ultimately prove serious; but we may remark that the jealousies of Scotland (a tolerably close parallel) have been gradually healed by time—that Valerio has always proclaimed a willingness to yield to the claims of whatever city should, on due deliberation, be found to offer the greatest advantages as the future capital—and that other Piedmontese may follow his good example. Moreover, the reason given by Mr. St. John for the tenacity with which the leading Piedmontese defend the claims of Turin—namely, that they possess house property in that city, which they fear will be depreciated in value—is a reason that cannot really determine the choice of a government; and lastly, the Lombards who, since the return of the Austrians, have found a home in Piedmont, enter heartily into the constitutional system of that country, and favour the extension of its territory. Mr. St. John, of course, says that they have been bought over; but against his suspicion—which, like every suspicion of evil in human nature, is doubtless partially true—we may set the fact that they were mostly men of station, property, and education, and that we know how the sense of poverty, the sense of being in a dependent minority among a triumphant majority, generally embitters the heart, and aggravates differences when the parties are divided by distinctions which lie deep in their minds.* When we look at the numbers of these emigrants and at the history of their past lives, we think that the fact that so many respectable men acquiesce in the pretensions of their new country shows that the jealousy of Lombardy against Piedmont does not lie very deep.

Mr. St. John expresses a feeling of astonishment that Englishmen should take so much interest in Sardinia, make so much of its constitution, and cherish such anxious hopes of its success. The answer may be gathered from his book. Sardinia is in this position—it has a monarchy with a longer descent in the direct line than any other country in Europe, the people are attached to the monarchs personally, and the traditions of the monarchy are familiar to them from their cradle. The Piedmontese are a religious people, and a Catholic people—the church has a living force in the hearts of men in every rank. There is a large aristocracy possessed of great landed possessions. These circumstances make a monarchy a much more natural form of government than a republic. On the other hand, the middle classes are determined on having personal freedom and a just administration of the law. The people are eminently gifted with a power of self-control, a spirit of moderation, and a respect for authority. The Parliament has shown that it can debate, and the press that it can write, without a dangerous licence. The deputies are said to be so afraid of showing the unreflecting turbulence of a French Assembly that they hardly trust themselves to applaud or condemn those who address them. The King has proved himself sincere, and his Ministers have proved themselves capable. These circumstances make a constitutional government possible. As a matter of fact, Sardinia has a constitutional government which even those who disparage it confess to be working well at present. This state of things may be changed, and changed for the worse. Austria may change it—France may change it—the Piedmontese themselves may change it. But while it lasts, it would be curious indeed if Englishmen were not interested in it. They believe a constitutional monarchy to be an excellent form of government when it harmonizes with the circumstances of the country—they think that they are justified in supposing that it does harmonize with those of Sardinia—and they see that the constitutional monarchy of Sardinia is the only satisfactory thing, not in possibility, but in reality, to be found between the Alps and the Straits of Messina.

BELLEW’S SERMONS.*

WE are bound to admit that Mr. Bellew is much less intolerable to read than he is to hear. We are also bound to say, judging from the volume before us, that we think his most disagreeable characteristics are of recent growth. They have, in fact, been fostered by the vicious taste and ignorant admiration of his present audience, and he has been unhappily encouraged to enter on and pursue an erring course, by which he found that an easy popularity was to be won.

A careful perusal of the twenty-two sermons now before us must of course afford surer means of judging of their author’s

* Sermons Preached in St. Philip’s, Regent Street; together with Two Discourses delivered on the Days of National Thanksgiving, 1855, 1856. By the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, S.C.C., Assistant Minister, late Chaplain, St. John’s Cathedral, Calcutta, H.E.I.C.S. London: T. and W. Boone. 1856.

powers and purpose than could the mere listening, however patiently, to a few of his exertions in the pulpit. The sermons, we believe, have all been written and preached in the present or last year; and short as is the interval thus embraced, it has been long enough to admit of a very marked, and, as we hold, a very unfortunate, development of certain tendencies of the author's mind. We find in the present volume several discourses which appear to us to be an honest and worthy effort to realize the design which Mr. Bellew, in his preface, tells us he had conceived:—

In an age of singular discord on religious subjects, the author has long desired to be one among many who wish to avoid the contests and conflicts of party strife, and to regard religion as the most practical business of everyday life. His object would be to elevate every occupation, and to consecrate every duty, by bringing it within reach of the sanctifying Spirit of our Saviour.

Such, says Mr. Bellew, has been his purpose, and it is only bare justice to him to admit that he brings to his task much energy of style, and a fertile though tangled growth of illustration; and as we have only read these Sermons, and not heard them preached, we also give their author credit for sincerity. Nor must we omit to notice further, that there is in the present volume at least one sermon in which we find no allusion to the storm-cloud, nor to the rainbow, nor to the setting sun, nor to electricity, steam, or even Mr. Bellew himself. His hearers neither found themselves afloat on the ocean of eternity, nor whelmed beneath the waters of despair, nor aground upon the sands of time. They were not even called upon to undergo Mr. Bellew's favourite discipline for strengthening the Christian character—we mean toiling at their oars down the treacherous river of life—nor to advance right on through a thorny jungle of worldly trials, nor to climb the mountains—the “steeps piled towards heaven”—of future time. They had not to conceive themselves perched on the mighty range of the Himalayas, nor on the top of the Pyramid, “eldest born of time;” nor had they to scale any other dizzy and uncomfortable elevation. They were snugly seated in well-cushioned pews at St. Philip's Church, and listening to a sensible, and practical, and lively, and earnest preacher.

But Mr. Bellew, before he became so very popular, was one thing—Mr. Bellew chanting dithyrambs, and dragging us wildly over hill and dale, is something else which may please many persons better, but not ourselves. We will frankly own that there are passages in these Sermons which we have read and read again and cannot fathom; and we are quite sure that if we had only heard them declaimed once, we should have quitted the church without the faintest shadow of a notion of what the preacher meant. We must be permitted to add that we have in our possession proofs that some at least of Mr. Bellew's hearers are not a grain less stupid than ourselves, and we are by no means certain that they are equally painstaking. Mr. Bellew denounces preaching which is “mere words—words—words.” He tells us that he has sometimes read the writings of men “whose meaning flits before us in glimmering words, one moment seeming to give us glimpses of truth, and the next leaving us bewildered, so that, like a meteor upon a misty marsh, they serve but to mislead and betray.” Now we have ourselves just risen from perusing writings which are in great part obnoxious to this reproach. It is our own complaint against Mr. Bellew that he is sliding into the habit of winning cheap applause by sounding in men's ears words which his hearers mistake for eloquence, and himself, perhaps, for saving truth, but which, in reality, can convey no clear conception that at all concerns the religious life of his congregation, and which, for that very reason, find a host of greedy listeners. We do not dispute that he is as earnest as he says he is, but we maintain that it is possible to observe his manner, and listen to much of his declamation without suspecting it.

We proceed to gather from the works of this prolific but undisciplined intellect a few examples in the art of puzzling a plain man's mind. The preacher is discussing the words “Faith, Hope, Charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity;” and he wishes to inform us that the Greek word *ἀγάπη* properly means “love,” and that the substitution of “charity” was originally due to St. Jerome. Let us see how Mr. Bellew delivers himself of what would appear to be a sufficiently simple statement:—

At Bethlehem, in the Convent of the Nativity, we are shown the spot lighted with silver lamps, where, tradition says, the birth of Christ took place. At the end of a subterranean passage leading from thence, there is a small chamber hewn in the rock, wherein, in the sixth century, Jerome passed a long period of his life. From this cell he issued his works, which were the wonder and enlightenment of the then Christian world; and here he compiled the emendated edition of the New Testament rendered into Latin, which has ever since been the Vulgate of the Romish Church. In doing this, he introduced into the great chapter now before us the word “caritas,” rendered in our version “charity,” upon which word the whole strength of this chapter depends. . . . When Jerome converted the word *ἀγάπη*, “love,” into the Latin word “caritas,” or “charity,” in this particular and striking instance there was no doubt a substantial motive. He wished to guard the language of the apostle from any acceptance not perfectly spiritual.

Now, if this kind of thing delights people so much in sermons, we see no reason why it should not be equally efficacious in reviews; and we intend to try how our readers will relish our conducting upon this model a little verbal controversy which arises with Mr. Bellew. We observe that he has been tempted by the love of noise to foist into the English language certain sounding words, which we suspect have little or no real claim to

a place in it. We desire to rest our case against him upon the respectable authority of Dr. Johnson:—

In Fleet-street, on the south side, stands a noble church, where rest the mouldering remains of the Knights Templars, and near which, on the margin of the ever-flowing Thames, tradition says that the same knights dwelt during their sojourn upon earth. Nearly opposite, at the end of a narrow court, on the north side of the same street, there is a small chamber in the third floor front of a dingy house, wherein, in the last century, Dr. Johnson passed a long period of his life. From this cell he issued at evening-tide to get his supper at the adjacent tavern, and from this cell also he issued his works, which were the wonder and enlightenment of the then English world. Here he compiled that laborious dictionary of our language which has ever since been treated as a standard of authority in England. In doing this, he did not introduce into his work the word “unendingness,” nor “looming.” When Dr. Johnson omitted these words, in this peculiar and marked manner, from his dictionary, he had no doubt a substantial motive. He wished to guard the language of his country from impurity, and carefully excluded from it those ugly, and useless, and unheard-of compounds. It is true he had not, as we have, the advantage of reading Mr. Bellew's Sermons; and perhaps, if he had, he would have admitted these ungainly words into his lexicon.

We fear our readers would speedily become few if our literary discussions were conducted on the above model.

But again—Mr. Bellew is reminding his congregation that through the resurrection of Jesus Christ man was assured of life and immortality. We should have supposed that the life here meant was an eternal life, and that, inasmuch as man's term of earthly existence is as insecure now as before Christ's coming, there could be no peculiar propriety in descanting upon man's love for the life he must lay down. But Mr. Bellew here discerns an opening for one of his most admired bursts of eloquence:—

What could be more grateful to the hearts of men than this? The love of life is the strongest passion implanted in us. To guard, to preserve, to prolong existence, is our busy care. Nations generally hold life most sacred; laws compass it about with the most dread defences; our homes cherish it with the most sacred watchfulness; our hearts enshrine it and offer to it [that is, we presume, to life] a devotion at which the callous and the worldling may sneer, but which will live in the esteem of all good men a thing of beauty for ever.

Why “the callous and the worldling” should sneer at the love of life, we cannot conceive. These epithets often stand, in the language of the pulpit, for the description of a class which has a morbid antipathy to the preacher's sermons. Possibly we may here be hinted at ourselves; but, if so, we beg to say that we are quite as fond of life as other men, that we take all the care we can of it, and, in fact, cherish it with that devotion which, as Mr. Bellew most appropriately remarks, is “a thing of beauty for ever.” But to proceed:—

From the cradle to the grave, how dear existence! Whether life in infancy be nursed amidst the pomp of kings, gladdening the herald's voice [we suppose the herald got a cup of wine to drink the royal infant's health] or sleeping on a young mother's breast in her frugal home; whether in childhood blessing a father's eyes as he uncloses the budding leaves of mind, and in boyhood's freshness of thought and feeling, lives and feels himself a boy again.

Mr. Bellew's style is redolent of the *Poeta Minores* of English literature, and indeed he in one place confesses his obligation to M. F. Tupper, whose writings, we dare say, please him very much more than they do ourselves. But, again—“whether in the bloom of years, clinging to manhood's side, home of his home, heart of his heart, treasury of his thought.” Just now it was a boy whose existence was so dear to us, but lo! the sex of our precious charge is changed. Mr. Bellew, be it observed, never long forgets the ladies, and complimentary allusions to them are not rare, and accordingly the ladies are very fond of him. But a man so gallant would never even whisper the possibility of a lady growing old and grey, and therefore in the next sentence—“whether in age leaning upon a staff, and with silvery hair,” &c.—we are bound to infer that the gender of life's pilgrim is again masculine. But to pursue the argument, such as it is, “In all its stages, how dear is life!” that is, earthly life; and Christ, he proceeds to argue, has promised us the life eternal, to attain to which we must resign the earthly life we so dearly love. How infinite, then, he concludes, must be the love of Christ for man! We leave this specimen of reasoning, in its naked, unimpaired force, to operate upon the reader's mind.

Mr. Bellew lays it down on the authority of Schiller, “that an athletic frame is fashioned by gymnastic exercises, but a form of beauty only by free and uniform action;” and this principle, he thinks, should be our guide in striving after the perfection of the soul. By “uniform” action is probably meant action by which all the powers of the body or soul shall be equally exerted. But this explanation is much too simple for Mr. Bellew. He says that uniformity of action of the soul means “all its energies being exercised in one plane.” Now we have seen a toy much in vogue with children, the figure of a man, whose legs and arms are loosely attached to its body by pins, so that, on pulling a string, they jerk up and down spasmodically. This certainly is bodily exercise “in one plane;” and perhaps Mr. Bellew will tell us what mental discipline corresponds to it. But the soul, by whatever method, must gain evenness, consistency, harmony; and this brings in the mention of the “mighty dome of St. Peter's,” which is so well proportioned that we do not conceive its vastness. And this, again, leads to the subject of ancient statuary, which is so perfectly modelled that at first we do not appreciate its beauty. Here ends the dance upon which we have been led by “the illustrious Schiller;” and we return to “the race that is set before us,” and which, in this singular manner, we are instructed “to run with patience.”

Conscience, says Mr. Bellew, is not the ambassador but the deputy of God. In the next page, conscience is a revenue officer, who "levies his excise upon the minds of men." We wonder whether anybody calls this eloquence. The exciseman, it seems, is waiting upon King Saul. "It was evening-time in the camp of Israel;" and, of course, Mr. Bellew describes the evening scene on Mount Gilboa—embellishing his picture, too, with several features proper to midnight or to early morning. So have we seen an illustrated Milton, in which all the successive stages of the temptation and fall of our first parents were exhibited in a single wood-cut. It is evening, and we see "long streaks of halo stretched across the hills, cresting them, like snow-flakes on the mountains, with fleecy lines of white." When Mr. Bellew publishes the twentieth edition of his Sermons, with complete notes, we have no doubt he will find an opportunity of acknowledging that he had been reading the *Times* newspaper just before he wrote this passage, and that it is in truth a plagiarism from "Our Own Correspondent" in the *Crimen*. Again, "Thousands of warriors sleep upon their mother earth." But their sleep, it would seem, was short; for, in the next line, "the red watch-fires, making darkness visible, blaze from post to post," and "many an Israelite" is awake, "burnishing his arms and singing the songs of Moses." At the same time, "the clang of the armourer's hammer rings out lustily upon the midnight air as he closes the rivets on the harness of the swordsman"—a process which the poets usually represent as taking place at early dawn. "But there was one tent whose tenant vainly courted sleep"—as well, we think, he might, when all the camp was either hammering brass or singing psalms. It was not, however, the "swordsman" who were rivetting their heavy armour, that kept King Saul awake. It was the power of an evil conscience. "The emblems of royalty were flung aside." When the King's mind was easy, it seems that he could sleep in diadem and purple and ermine robes, just as a University proctor is supposed by undergraduates to take his rest in cap and gown and bands.

We could go on filling column after column with examples of the surprising digressions, the tawdry ornaments, and the jumble of ideas, which, with a very few exceptions, disfigure every sermon that Mr. Bellew has published. He is indeed the very cloud-compassing Zeus himself. Mists and storms, sun and stars, thunder, fire, air, sea, and rivers are ever ready at his beck to rush across his pages, and play the most incomprehensible and wildest freaks. And yet a certain decorum is observed amid all these fantastic tricks, for no actor ever appears upon this stage unless appropriately attired in one or more adjective. Mr. Bellew, at school, must have built the lofty longs and shorts better than any other boy. He is, in fact, a living breathing gradus, and "reprehends the nice derangement of epitaphs" as well as Mrs. Malaprop herself.

It would not require any deep knowledge of divinity to show that the doctrine of these discourses is often too obscure to convey any distinct meaning, or that one sermon contradicts another, or that the author unwittingly opposes himself to the opinions of sounder teachers. Mr. Bellew, of course, is not a profound scholar, nor has he any accurate and critical habit of thought. It is, indeed, unnecessary to say that no man not utterly devoid of these qualities of mind could have preached or published the sermons we have been considering. Nevertheless, it is by no means certain that such a loose, rambling intellect as that of Mr. Bellew is altogether without a sphere of usefulness. Undoubtedly his rhapsodies are listened to when wiser and abler divines might preach to unheeding ears; and if, in this way, some vague and partial glimpses of religious truth are caught by minds which might otherwise have remained in utter darkness, who shall say that such a preacher may not be labouring for good? Mr. Bellew is welcome to the benefit of this apology, so far as it will serve his turn; but he must remember that he will have to share it with other popular favourites more extravagant and therefore more idolized than himself, and especially with the noted Dissenting preacher, Mr. Spurgeon. That shining light of the Nonconformist world lately discoursed of the last days and death of William Palmer, and he described the devil as trembling between hope and fear—now dreading that Palmer would confess and balk him, and presently confident that he would remain obdurate. The preacher went so far as himself to personify Satan, and, rubbing his hands in a flow of excitement and delight, he shouted, as the game in the prison-cell was closing, "Here he comes! Here he comes! Here he comes!" This is a pitch of frenzy considerably beyond the wildest of Mr. Bellew's vagaries. We see not, however, why, excited by popular applause, his genius should not aim at a flight equally audacious.

One of the most disagreeable features of Mr. Bellew's sermons is the frequent introduction of himself, his own experiences and reflections, and those of his personal friends. We expressed in a former article the extreme distaste we feel for this sort of thing, and in so doing it appears that our meaning was not perfectly understood. In the first sermon of the present volume occurs the following passage:—

I am invested, in the eyes of my son, with a sentiment which makes him render me a homage his nature forbids him to render to any other person or thing. . . . He may desert me; he may rebel against me; he may be allured by the glitter and show, and temptation of life to forsake his best friend; he may be lost in ruin, in disgrace, in infamy; he may be chained in fetters in the captive's cell, &c.

Now, it was with reference to this passage that we used the words, "The love of God for fallen man is exemplified by the statement that 'I have a son' who has wandered from his home, has spent his substance, and now is a criminal in a gaol." When this was written we had only our own recollection of Mr. Bellew's words to rest upon, and we certainly did not mean to pledge ourselves to the perfect accuracy of our version of an unreported speech. But we have been most absurdly taxed with representing Mr. Bellew as saying that he actually had a son whose real career was described in the quoted passage, and we have been gravely assured that Mr. Bellew has no such son, nor any son at all of mature years—which, in fact, his own age forbids. But surely no preacher, however egotistical, would lay bare to his hearers the follies and vices of his own children; and we could not, with the smallest prospect of success, attempt to persuade our readers that any rhapsodist, however wild, had reached such a point of extravagance as that. We readily give credit to Mr. Bellew for the very small amount of delicacy that would teach him to shroud his real afflictions from the vulgar gaze, and we also claim to have it believed of ourselves that we should scrupulously refrain from violating the sanctity of private life. All this is very plain and quite of course, and, we dare say, insufferably tedious. But our readers must bear with us, for they do not know, as we do, the measure of the dulness of some persons, and the necessity thence arising of explaining what would seem clear to all the world. It is only lately that we have ourselves learned adequately to conceive the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the stupidity of certain of Mr. Bellew's admirers. Had we been aware before by whom we were likely to be read, we should have taken pains to write down to the level of the understanding of our new disciples.

WAIKNA.*

THE questions that have of late been agitated with regard to Central America render any account of the States which compose it acceptable and interesting. We are glad, therefore, to introduce to our readers a volume of *Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*, which abounds in interesting and entertaining matter on this subject. The opening chapter is not a promising one, for the style is flippant, and the subjects with which the author deals are unpleasing; but let the reader only exercise patience till Mr. Bard has left Jamaica *en route* for the Mosquito shore, and then he will have little to complain of, either as regards the writer's materials or his manner of treating them. Mr. Bard's first adventure is a shipwreck, which is very graphically described, and in which the captain and his mate are drowned—the survivors being Mr. Bard, Antonio, an Indian boy, and a negro. For nearly two weeks they remained on the Island of El Roncador, one of the numerous coral keys, or cags, which stud the sea of the Antilles—mere banks of sand, frequented by sea-birds and turtles, for the purpose of laying their eggs. During their enforced stay on the island, they subsisted on the turtles which flocked there in great numbers, and at last were released from their Robinson Crusoe-like captivity by a turtle schooner, which, three days afterwards, landed them at Santa Catarina, whence Mr. Bard, accompanied by Antonio, proceeded to Bluefields, the capital of the Mosquito kingdom. Bluefields, it appears, derives its name from a certain Bluvett, a noted Dutch pirate, who in former times had his rendezvous in a bay of the same name. But although an imperial city, it is nothing more than a collection of huts thatched in the rudest manner, and situated nearly nine miles from the entrance to the harbour. The king, George William Clarence, resides with a Mr. Bell, an Englishman, and his palace consists of a house made of rough boards, with several small rooms, all opening into the principal apartment. The latter, on the occasion of Mr. Bard's visit, was adorned with several prints, whilst a gun or two, a table in a corner supporting a confused collection of books and papers, with some ropes and iron grapnels beneath, a few chairs, and a Yankee clock, completed the furniture of the room. Mr. Bard had made acquaintance with Mr. Bell soon after his landing, and accepting an invitation to take coffee with him, accompanied him to his house. A sleepy-looking black girl was sweeping the room when they entered; but at a signal from Mr. Bell she disappeared, returning soon afterwards with three cups and a coffee-pot. Mr. Bard was wondering for whom the third cup was intended, when he saw the girl push open a door in one corner of the room, and heard her call to some one within, in no very suave tone of voice, "Get up." Accordingly, ere Mr. Bard had finished his first cup of coffee, a black boy, dressed in a shirt unbuttoned at the top, and cotton pantaloons, made his appearance, and shuffled up to the table. Nodding to Mr. Bell, and drawing out a "Mornin, sir," he sat down, Mr. Bard's host taking no notice of him whatever. Soon after, the youth, who was apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, got up and walked down to the river to wash his face. When breakfast was over, Mr. Bell politely inquired of his guest whether he could be of any service to him, on which Mr. Bard replied that he should much like to be presented to the king—when, to his astonishment, he was told that the youth with whom he had had the honour of breakfasting was no less a personage than the king himself. This promising young gentle-

* *Waikna*; or, *Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*. By Samuel A. Bard. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1855.

man is the son of "Robert Charles Frederick," who was crowned at Belize on the 23rd of April, 1825. In order to show how kings are sometimes made, we quote the following account of the ceremony from Mr. Dunn's *Central America* :—

On the previous evening cards of invitation were sent to the different merchants, requesting their attendance at the court-house early in the morning. At this place, the king, dressed in a British major's uniform, made his appearance, and his chiefs, similarly clothed, but with sailor's trousers, were ranged round the room. . . . The order of procession being arranged, the cavalcade moved towards the church; his Mosquito majesty on horseback, supported on the right and left by the two senior British officers of the settlement, and his chiefs following on foot, two by two. On its arrival, his majesty was placed in a chair near the altar, and the English coronation service was read by the chaplain to the colony. His majesty seemed chiefly occupied during the ceremony in admiring his finery, and after his anointing expressed his gratification by repeatedly thrusting his hands through his thick, bushy hair, and applying his fingers to his nose. . . . After this solemn mockery was concluded, the whole assembly adjourned to a large school-room to eat the coronation dinner, when all these poor creatures got intoxicated with rum.

Passing from the kings of Mosquito to the subjects over whom they rule, we will now give Mr. Bard's description of the natives inhabiting the Mosquito shore. In the olden time, Cape Gracias a Dios was a favourite resort of the buccaneers, and here, too, was wrecked a large slaver destined for Cuba, and crowded with Africans. These negroes escaped to the shore, mixed with the native Indians, and their numbers were subsequently increased by importations from Jamaica and the interior. The Mosquito people are thus of two breeds—one the original Indians, and the other a mixture of Indians and negroes, called Sambos. These last are a cruel and barbarous tribe, in the lowest state of civilization, and hostile to all the other Indians. They have no idea of a supreme beneficent Being, but stand in great awe of an evil spirit, which they call Walasha, and of a water-ghost, called Lecoire. Infanticide prevails among them, and polygamy is universal. They are largely infected with scrofulous affections, and this is one of the causes which, at no distant period, will bring about the total extinction of the Sambos. Their besetting vice is drunkenness, and they are, moreover, capricious, indolent, improvident, treacherous, and given to thieving. Their arts are limited to the narrow range of their wants, and their greatest skill is displayed in their dories, canoes, and pit-pans. They are essentially fishers, and manage their boats with great dexterity. Their language has some slight affinity with the Carib, but has degenerated into a sort of jargon, in which English, Spanish, Indian, and Jamaica African are strangely jumbled. As to their habits and superstitions, they are rather African than American. Although the English have had relations with the Mosquito shore ever since the times of the buccaneers, they have never introduced the Gospel among the natives. Several dissenting ministers have made attempts to settle on the coast, but they have met with no success. An anecdote relating to one of them we will quote in Mr. Bard's own words :—

Some years ago, a missionary, named Pilley, arrived at Sandy Bay, for the purpose of reclaiming the lost sheep. A house was found for him, and he commenced preaching; and, for a few Sundays, induced some of the leading Sambos to hear him, by giving them each a glass of grog. At length, one Sabbath afternoon, a considerable number of the natives attended to hear the stranger talk, and to receive the usual spiritual consolation. But the demijohn of the worthy minister had been exhausted. He, nevertheless, sought to compensate for the deficiency by a more vehement display of eloquence, and, for a time, flattered himself that he was producing a lasting impression. His discourse, however, was suddenly interrupted by one of the chiefs, who rose, and indignantly exclaimed, "All preach—no grog—no good;" and with a responsive "no good," the audience followed him as he stalked away.

While Mr. Bard was at Bluefields, he had an opportunity of witnessing a Sambo funeral, of which we regret we cannot give a full description. It seems that death is imagined by the natives to be the work of the Evil Spirit, Walasha, who is supposed to feed on the bodies of the dead. To rescue the corpse from this fate, it is necessary to lull the demon to sleep, and then to steal away the body and bury it, after which it is safe. To this end the natives assemble together, and while the women sway their bodies to and fro in a kind of soothing dance, the men beat a drum and play a drowsy tune upon a pipe. Meantime, a certain number of men hide themselves in a hut, and carefully disguise themselves that they may not be recognised by the Walasha, and punished for having stolen away his prey. As soon as they fancy the demon is asleep, they rush from the hut, and fastening a piece of rope to the pitpan containing the corpse, dash away with it into the recesses of the woods, and there bury it. They then build a little hut over the grave, and place in it an earthen vessel filled with water; and if the water disappears in the course of a few days, they take it as a sign that the dead man has consumed it and has escaped the maw of the Walasha.

The Indians of the interior, to whom we have already alluded, are a very superior race to the people inhabiting the Mosquito shore. Their ideas of government are all derived from the Spaniards, and they entertain a feeling of dislike, amounting to hostility, to the Sambos. The difficulty of entering the Rio Grande, in the absence of any traffic with the natives on its banks, is, Mr. Bard says, among the causes which have contributed to keep them free from the degrading influences that prevail along the coast. They rely chiefly upon agriculture for their support, and fish and hunt a little. The people, though not tall, are well made, and have a remarkably soft and inoffensive expression. The women are symmetrical in form, with large lustrous black eyes,

and neatly-arranged glossy dark hair. These Indians of Central America differ, Mr. Bard shows, from their fiercer brethren of North America, not less in their modes of life than in all their social and civil relations. One of the Poyer communities, among whom he resided for some time, affords a beautiful example of a purely patriarchal organisation, in which the authority of pater-nity and age is recognised in the highest degree. Every evening the old men, each taking a lighted brand, used to assemble within a small circle of stones at one corner of the house—the village, in point of fact, being a single house, the front and ends of which were open, but the back separated into partitions—and there they deliberated upon the affairs of the community, and settled its proceedings for the following day. In these conferences neither the young men nor the women are allowed to take part. All the labour of the community is performed in common, and all share equally in the results. In one or two of the recesses at the back of the house were some aged people, who were treated with the utmost care and tenderness. The whole establishment consisted of some 140 persons; and we are not surprised to find Mr. Bard saying that his time passed so pleasantly among them that he began to think a far worse fate might befall him than that of becoming a member of this prosperous and peaceful community on the banks of the Gualambre. He witnessed the performance of only two religious rites amongst these Indians, but he says it must not thence be inferred that they are without religious forms, for it is precisely these that they are most careful to conceal from the observation of the stranger. From the manner in which they speak of "The Lord of Teaching and the spirits of holy men," and "the Lord of Life," it is clear that they are possessed of a deeply reverential spirit. Amongst the Sambos and Indians there are a set of women called Sukias, who pretend to superior powers, and whose preparation for their office involves the most rigorous mortifications. Mr. Bard gives a most interesting account of a visit he paid to one of these prophetesses, in company with the Indian boy Antonio and Mr. H., an Englishman, who was a firm believer in their mysterious powers. The Sukias Mr. Bard had hitherto seen had been frightfully deformed, and sinfully ugly; but this one was a young Indian girl, tall and perfectly formed, attired in a tiger's skin, whilst the band round her forehead and her armlets and anklets were all of pure gold. When her visitors entered her hut, she rose and received them with a faint smile of recognition and a few words of welcome. Then, resuming her seat, she clasped her forehead on her open palms and gazed intently on the ground. "Never," says Mr. Bard, "have I seen the face of a human being which wore a more earnest expression. For some time the silence was unbroken, then the Sukia, lifting her head, began to speak. . . . But," adds Mr. Bard, "I hesitate to recount what I that night witnessed in the rude hut of the Sukia, lest my testimony should expose both my narrative and myself to ridicule and unjust representation." Everything Mr. Bard tells us of these Indians fills us with admiration for their primitive habits, whilst, on the other hand, there is not a single particular which he gives respecting the Sambos that does not inspire us with aversion. Nothing, for instance, can be more disgusting than their preparation of the "mishla" drink, which is their universal appliance for getting "big drunk." Mr. Roberts, a trader on the coast, thus describes it :—

Preparations were going on for a grand feast and mishla drink. For this purpose the whole population was employed, most of them being engaged in collecting pine apples, plantains, and cassava, for their favourite liquor. The expressed juice of the pine apple alone is a pleasant and agreeable beverage. The mishla from the plantain and banana is also both pleasant and nutritive; that from the cassava and maize is more intoxicating, but its preparation is a process exceedingly disgusting. The root of the cassava, after being peeled and mashed, is boiled to the same consistence as when it is used for food. It is then taken from the fire and allowed to cool. The pots are now surrounded by all the women, old and young, who, being provided with large calabashes, commence an attack upon the cassava, which they chew to the consistence of a thick paste, and then put their mouthfuls into the bowls until the latter are filled. These are then emptied into a canoe, which is drawn up for the purpose, until it is about one-third filled. Other cassava is then taken, bruised in a kind of wooden mortar until it is reduced to the consistence of dough, when it is diluted with cold water, to which is added a quantity of Indian corn, partly boiled and partly masticated, and then all is poured into the canoe, which is filled with water, and the mixture afterwards frequently stirred with a paddle. In the course of a few hours it reaches a high and abominable state of fermentation. The liquor, it may be observed, is more or less esteemed, according to the health, age, and constitution of the masticators; and when the chiefs give a private mishla drink, they confine the mastication to their own wives and young girls.

Before Mr. Bard quitted the Mosquito shore, he stayed for a short time at Brus, a town inhabited by the Caribs, of whom he gives an interesting account. The division of duties and responsibilities between a Carib and his wife is, according to him, rather extraordinary. When a Carib takes a wife, he is obliged to build her a house, and clear her a plantation; but, after having done so, she must thenceforth take care of herself and her offspring, and if she desire the assistance of her husband in planting, she is obliged to pay him at the rate of two dollars a week for his services.

We have confined ourselves to giving our readers, through Mr. Bard's assistance, some idea of the people inhabiting the Mosquito shore. And now we must refer them to the book itself for information as to all he further saw there, assuring them that they will read with no little pleasure his glowing descriptions of the glorious forest scenery and abounding vegeta-

tion of that tropical land, with its wide savannahs, its broad lagoons, and its coral reefs. Much, too, will they find that is new and interesting as regards the animals indigenous to the country, and the various modes adopted by the natives for the purpose of taking the tapir and the sea-cow, and of catching fish by means of intoxicating them. It is not often, in fact, that within the compass of little more than three hundred pages, we have met with so much entertaining and readable matter; and, for its sake, we gladly overlook the little outbursts of spleen against England in which Mr. Bard sometimes indulges.

SYDNEY DOBELL.*

THE war has been prolific in verses. In written poetry, however, it has certainly not found a Tyrtæus, nor a Pindar, nor even a Campbell. Not that the materials for good poems have been lacking. Hohenlinden and Copenhagen were not finer themes than Alma or Inkermann, and the journals teemed for months with minor incidents, which wanted but the touch of a true poet's wand to make them immortal. By land and sea, abroad and at home, in the tent, the hospital, the palace and the cottage, poems were being acted day by day. Almost every household had some incident to tell, to which the spirit glowed, or the bosom melted. Men's hearts were in the mood that makes poets; their imaginations were quickened, their passions roused, their affections expanded; they were lifted out of the mire of selfishness and sordid cares into sympathy with valour and endurance, with heroism in purpose and in act. The dullest eyes kindled, and the most sluggish tongue warmed with unwonted fire, over the endless themes which the story of that deadly struggle presented. And while we stood out to the world with an unflinching front, "lords of the lion heart and eagle eye," there were few whose eyes had not been dashed with tears for some bereavement, whose souls had not sickened in the shadows of sorrow which are ever cast by the terrible glories of warfare. The very stuff and essence of poetry was being spoken and acted everywhere around us. Yet no poet has arisen to do justice to the nation's feeling—no poet, whose utterance will be accepted by his countrymen as the voice of their living experience.

Of all men who have essayed the task none, perhaps, has been more signally unsuccessful than Mr. Sydney Dobell. He neither sees, feels, nor thinks like ordinary men. There is not in his verses a trace of that simplicity and straightforward earnestness of sentiment and expression which are essentially requisite to portray "England in time of War" in a poetical form. Mr. Dobell sees everything through a distorted and pseudo-poetical medium of his own. When he means to be simple, he is silly; when earnest, spasmodic; when picturesque, fantastic; and when he essays to be profound, he plumbs unfathomable depths of bathos. Those who have had the misfortune to study his *Balder* need no illustration of what we mean. That dismal epic presented nearly every vice of subject, thought, and style which can deform a poem, and reduced its readers, according to the experience of ourselves, and a large circle of friends, to a state closely resembling the mental distraction of the unfortunate lady whose murder by her husband forms the "quiet consummation" of *Balder, Book the First*. Just such is the condition in which the perusal of the present volume has left us. Whether it is the poet who is slightly insane, or the personages whom he introduces, or ourselves, or all together, we are perplexed to know. The men, women, and children, think, feel, and speak like no people in this world; and the scenery and accessories of the poems, the skies, the trees, the flowers, the streams, the meadows, and the mountains, are strangely unlike all we have ever seen or read of. Before we are half through the book, we begin to distrust the evidence of our senses, and, long before we reach the close, are ready to declare with the bewildered Macbeth, that "Nothing is but what is not." Here and there, it is true, we come upon a line, or a passage, that savours of a genuine feeling, or shows a certain descriptive power; and we begin to hope that the glamour will pass away, and that we shall emerge into "the common light of day" again. But alas! for the fallacies of hope! We speedily find ourselves floundering once more through a jungle of inflated verbiage, and distracted by a glimmer of phantom-like fancies, fluttering in a kind of witches' dance around us. It is a mystery how any man who had to deal with such familiar matter as the griefs of parents mourning for their sons—wives bewailing husbands, absent or dead—maidens mourning for lovers lost, or false—young men bearing in their hearts a fire of love fiercer than even the passion of battle—should have managed to hit upon so few chords calculated to awaken a response in other men's minds. The reason, however, is obvious. Mr. Dobell is not content to be simple. The method of Burns, or Béranger, is too direct, too like everyday speech, for his ideas of poetical treatment. They strike but one blow; he reiterates his with a painful strenuousness. Their one blow, somehow, rarely misses of its effect; but it is rare luck, indeed, if one of Mr. Dobell's many produces even the feeblest impression. When these great lyrists write dramatically, every sentiment is apt, every word true to the time and the speaker. Not so with Mr. Dobell. His personages are all marvellously alike in the mistiness of their metaphors, the indirectness of their

ideas. In season and out of season they speak in tropes and similes. It matters not whether it be a maniac mother, an unfortunate female, or a military gentleman "home wounded"—they all wander off into a similar loose strain of verbose rhapsody. Nay, Mr. Dobell's very peasants have the same trick of style, and betray their paternity even through the miserable *patois* which the author has cozened himself into believing to be Scotch.

Mr. Dobell is so very long-winded, that it is extremely difficult, within any moderate bounds, to illustrate the characteristics of his book. We take, however, at random, a poem called "The Captain's Wife:—"

I do not say the day is long and weary,
For while thou art content to be away,
Living on thee, oh love, I live thy day,
And reek not if mine own be sad and dreary.

I do not count its sorrows or its charms:
It lies as cold, as empty, and as dead,
As lay my wedding-dress beside my bed
When I was clothed in thy dear arms.

That this lady's day lay "cold, empty, and dead," is a proposition sufficiently perplexing in itself, without the addition of this extraordinary metaphor, which, if merit lies in saying what nobody ever thought before, will certainly crown Mr. Dobell with immortal honour. What, however, is to be said for the taste either of the lady or the poet?—

Yet there is something here within this breast,
Which, like a flower that never blossoms, lieth,
And though in words and tears my sorrow crieth,
I know that it hath never been exprest.

Something that blindly yearneth to be known,
And doth not burn, nor rage, nor leap, nor dart;
But struggles in the sickness of my heart
As a root struggles in a vault of stone.

This sort of beginning is not very cheering to the captain, as he opens his wife's letter on the heights of Balaklava; and after making him thoroughly miserable, the following adjuration is surely somewhat out of place:—

Now, by my wedding-ring,
I charge thee do not move
That heavy stone that on the vault doth lie;
I charge thee be of merry cheer, my love,
Nor ever let me know that thou dost sigh,
For, ah! how light a thing
Would shake me with the sorrow I deny.

And in this strain the lady goes through three pages, conjuring him not to be out of spirits, in the same breath that assures him she is the most unhappy of captains' wives, and only kept from utter despair by not hearing from him that he regrets her absence. Most probably he does not; at all events, if she has entertained him when at home with much of this kind of silliness, he is not likely to feel the pangs of separation too keenly:—

I charge thee silence keep!
My life stands breathless by her agony,
Oh, do not bid her leap!
I am as calm as air
Before a summer storm;
The ocean of my thoughts hath ceased to roll;
This living heart that doth not beat is warm;
I think the stillness of my face is fair;
The cloud that fills my soul
Is not a cloud of pain.
Beware, beware! one rash
Sweet glance may be the flash
That brings it raving down in thunder and in rain!

May we be forgiven for asking for some explanation of this stanza? Why is a "life" feminine, and how can "she" stand "breathless by her agony?" And where is she to "leap," if she is bidden? How, too, comes a "living heart" not to beat? If the cloud that fills the lady's soul be "not a cloud of pain," of what is it composed? And why must the glance that is to "bring it raving down" be "sweet," as well as rash? The conclusion of the strain is worthy of such a prelude:—

Hast thou forgot when I sat down to sing
To my forsaken harp, long, long ago,
How thou, for sport, wouldst strike a single string,
And hark the hovering chorus come and go,
Low and high, high and low,
Till round the throbbing wire
Rose such a quivering quire,
As all king David's wives were echoing
The tenor of their king.

Like those dear strings, my silent soul is full
Of cries, as a ripe fruit is full of wine.
The fruit is hanging fair and beautiful,
And dry-eyed as a rose in the sunshine,
But try it with a single touch of thine,
And, lo! the drops that start,
And all the golden vintage of its heart!

So, thinking of thy debt to Love and me,
In some dull hour beyond the sea,
Do thou but only say
—As carelessly as men do pay their debts—
"Oh, weary day!"

And that one sigh o'ersets
The hive of my regrets,
"Ah, weary, weary day,
Oh, weary, weary day,
Oh, day so weary, oh, day so dreary,
Oh, weary, weary, weary, weary,
Oh, weary, weary!"

* *England in Time of War*. By Sydney Dobell, Author of "*Balder*," and *The Roman*. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1856.

The "damnable iteration" here resorted to is a favourite device with Mr. Dobell. There is scarcely a poem in this volume without it. It may be some new discovery in versification, the value of which the world has yet to learn, but it seems more like the meaningless repetitions of children in their play, or of babbling lunatics.

One other specimen of Mr. Dobell, and we leave him. It is called "The German Legion," but why is not very apparent:—

THE GERMAN LEGION.

In the cot beside the water,
In the white cot by the water,
The white cot by the white water,
There they laid the German maid.

There they wound her, singing round her,
Deftly wound her, singing round her,
Softly wound her, singing round her,
In a shroud like a cloud.

And they decked her as they wound her,
With a wreath of leaves they bound her,
Lornest leaves they scattered round her,
Singing grief with every leaf.

Singing grief with every leaf,
Sadder grief with sadder leaf,
Sweeter leaf with sweeter grief,
So 't was sung in a dark tongue.

Like a latter lily lying,
O'er whom falling leaves are sighing,
And Autumn vapours crying,
Pale and cold on misty mould,

So I saw her sweet and lowly,
Shining shining pale and holy,
Thro' the dim woe slowly slowly,
Said and sung in that dark tongue.

Such an awe her beauty lent her,
While they sang I dared not enter
That charmed ring where she was centre,
But I stood with stirring blood

Till the song fell like a billow,
And I saw them leave her pillow,
And go forth to the far willow,
For the wreath of virgin death.

And I stood beside her pillow,
While they plucked the distant willow,
And my heart rose like a billow
As I said to the pale dead—

"Oh, thou most fair and sweet virginity,
Of whom this heart that beats for thee doth know
Nor name nor story, that these limbs can be
For no man evermore, that thou must go
Cold to the cold, and that no eye shall see
That which thine unsolved womanhood doth owe
Of the incommunicable mystery
Shakes me with tears. I could kneel down by thee,
And o'er thy chill unmarriageable rest
Cry, 'Thou who shalt no more at all be prest
To any heart, one moment come to this!
And feel me weeping with thy want of bliss,
And all the upraised beauties of thy breast—
Thy breast which never shall a lover kiss!'"

Then I slowly left her pillow,
For they came back with the willow,
And my heart sinks as a billow
Doth implore towards the shore,

As I see the crown they weave her,
And I know that I must leave her,
And I feel that I could grieve her
Sad and sore for evermore.

And again they sang around her,
In a richer robe they wound her,
With the willow wreath they bound her,
And the loud song like a cloud

Of golden obscuration,
With the strange tongue of her nation,
Filled the house of lamentation,
Till she lay in melody,

Like a latter lily lying,
O'er whom falling leaves are sighing,
And the autumn vapours crying,
In a dream of evening gleam.

And I saw her sweet and lowly,
Shining shining pale and holy,
Thro' the dim woe slowly slowly
Said and sung in a dark tongue.

In the cot beside the water,
The white cot by the white water,
English cot by English water
That shall see the German sea.

This poem needs no comment; in mere silliness it has not often been surpassed. Never were epithets flung about with more utter recklessness of meaning, or metaphors piled up with less reference to fitness and propriety. What shall be said, too, of the wretched taste which pervades the apostrophe to the lifeless girl? How strangely must all true feeling be perverted in the nature of a man to whom the sight of a dead maiden could suggest such images! Nor is this by any means the only instance in this volume of the same impure tendency. But in a writer of the spasmodic school one has no right to be surprised at meeting with such things; it infects the whole brotherhood. The experience of years, and observation of the public taste, might, one would have thought, have warned Mr. Dobell to keep off this dangerous ground. The taint, however, appears to be too

deep. All his worst faults seem only to strengthen with time. In each successive publication he shows himself more unnatural, more affected, more deficient in good taste. Of him it will never be said—

Forgot his epic, yea Pindaric art,
Yet still we love the language of his heart;

for his lyrics are no more pleasing than his epics; and what these are, the prompt oblivion of the public has already proved.

DE CRESSY.*

WHEN there are so many tales full of sentimental passion and fascinating crime, or merely written to advocate the writer's peculiar views on religious matters, we feel particularly inclined to praise *De Cressy* more for its avoidance of such faults than for any special ability. Lest, however, this should be considered very negative praise, we hasten to add, that it is superior to the ordinary run of novels of the same class. Both the treatment and the material of *De Cressy* are more conventional than *Dorothy*. We miss the lively temper and originality which distinguished the author's first work, and which gained for it a wide circle of admirers. Every one knows that the art of making conversation only belongs to a small minority among novelists, and in this respect *De Cressy* is far less successful than *Dorothy*. Both stories are written in an unpretending, pleasing style, and we should conceive them to be the productions of some one whom age and position had not enabled to acquire much experience of life, except within a very limited circle. To persons seeking for a tale for the entertainment of young readers, we would recommend the work before us; yet when we say that we should not hesitate to put it into any child's hands, we do not mean to insinuate that, because it is fit for a child to read, it is in any degree a childish production.

The story is in one small volume, and its outline may be briefly given. The heroine, Kathleen Mortimer, is a beautiful girl, who for four years has been living abroad, partly as governess, partly as companion to Lady Harriet Wilmot and her two daughters. She has been taken by Lady Harriet out of compassion, and she wins her affection by the singular sweetness of her disposition. It had been arranged that, when of age, Kathleen should look out for a situation as governess. She returns to England with mingled feelings of regret at the pleasant life which she is about to leave and the uncertainty before her, and of pleasure at the thought of again meeting her sister, and only near relative. The latter, Agnes Lisle, is married, and lives with a large family, at the corner of a mews, in very reduced circumstances. We get rather weary, by the way, of these poor relations, whose perfections are brought in on every possible occasion, to show how proudly Kathleen acknowledges their relationship. Kathleen had won the love of Lady Harriet's nephew, Lord De Cressy, whose chief fault is pride, and an oversensitiveness to the opinion of the world. Although aware that Kathleen returns his affection, he dreads the scandal of a *mésalliance*, and the opposition and ridicule of his uncle. Will love or pride gain the ascendancy? On this point the interest of the story turns. At last, Lord De Cressy wounds Kathleen's self-respect too deeply to be forgiven, and they quarrel and separate. After this, Kathleen feels it impossible to remain in her dependent position, and she is confirmed in the resolution she had taken of obtaining a situation as governess.

Her friends are at first indignant at the step she has adopted, unknown to them; for until it is all settled, she does not announce the engagement she has made. The poor girl's troubles now rise to a culminating point, for she discovers that Agnes has long suffered from a complaint in the eyes, which must terminate in total and immediate blindness. In the hope of working for the children, and escaping all chance of meeting De Cressy, Kathleen is eager to reach her destination in Scotland, where her position is pretty much the same as that of most governesses in a large family—neither better nor worse. The children are thoroughly Scotch, wild and unpromising, and very impatient of any discipline. A life of wearying routine, with no strong interests of any kind, and no sympathy with those around her, compels Kathleen to live in the past. At length this state of existence comes to an end. De Cressy discovers her, in a most romantic way, and, according to the fashion of all proper love stories, he offers her "his hand and heart"—an offer which, being made in an unexceptionable manner, she is in duty bound to accept. They are married, but are not "happy ever after," for, before the honeymoon is half over, the old grievances break out anew. Strengthened by the advice of his worldly old uncle, Lord De Cressy resolves that his lady shall associate as little as possible with her relations, and he pursues a systematic course of quiet opposition to their intercourse, against which Kathleen's warm heart rebels. She can take no delight in the luxuries which seem to oppress her, when she thinks of Agnes, her overworked husband, their sickly, deformed boy, Walter, and the little children. We feel that Lord and Lady De Cressy are on the verge of a serious quarrel—which is only averted by a calamity.

One of Mr. Lisle's children is taken ill with scarlatina; and the parents, fearing that Walter may catch the disorder, ask if

* *De Cressy*: a Tale. By the Author of "Dorothy." London: John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

Lady De Cressy can give him a room in her large house in Carlton Gardens. This her husband decidedly negatives. Kathleen, however, having had the scarlet fever, does not dread infection, and begs for permission to help her sister to nurse the child. Lord De Cressy considers the proposition absurd, but offers to procure a nurse and lodgings. Walter does take the infection, and Kathleen keenly resents her husband's selfish conduct, which might have averted the blow. He prohibits her going to her sister, but, haunted and overwhelmed by the thought of Agnes's sufferings, whilst she lives alone "in dreary, heartless luxury," she disregards everything except the prompting of her warm heart, and one night sets out alone to visit her. She finds her worst fears confirmed. When Lord De Cressy discovers that his wife is gone, his displeasure is extremely increased by the way in which she went, unattended, and in open defiance of his authority. But what he dreads most of all is the "éclat of the affair." He is uncertain how to act, when a note from his wife arrives, and disarms his anger. He follows her to her sister's abode, and arrives in time to stand beside poor Walter's death-bed, tortured by self-reproach.

Now comes retribution. Lord De Cressy is soon attacked by scarlet fever. He is seriously ill, and when the fever leaves him, he is an altered man. Agnes Lisle soon follows her boy. Her husband gets employment in the colonies, and thenceforth, childless themselves, Lord and Lady De Cressy's delight is in making a home for the motherless children. They have passed through their trial—there are no more misunderstandings between them—and they enjoy the "true sweetness of married life, as it lies in confidence, and mutual forbearance."

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